# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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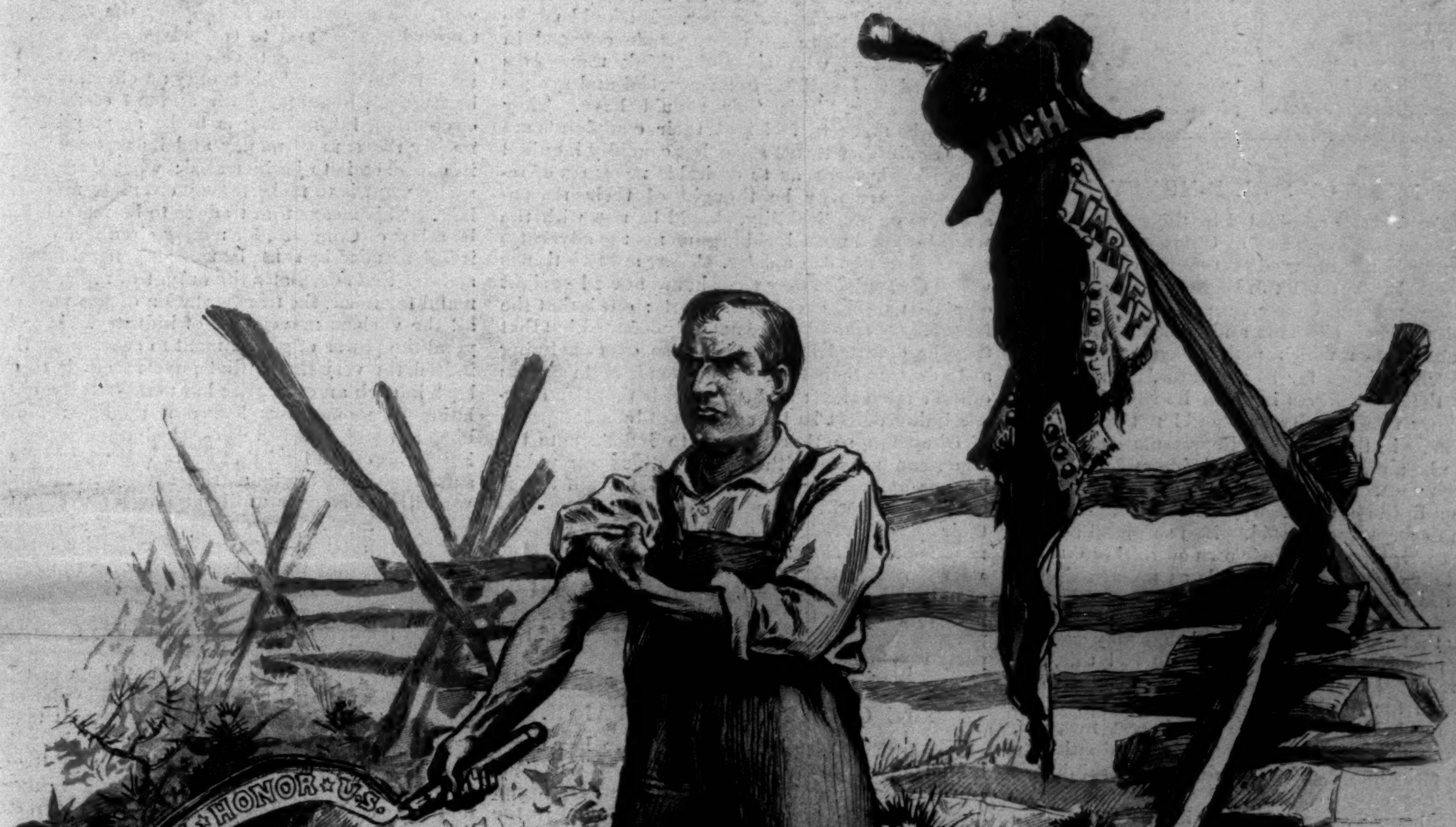
HIGH TARIFF
FINANCIAL HONOR U.S.
REPUDIATION
DEBASED CURRENCY
WILD EYED
POPULISM
ANARCHY
W. A. Rogers.

FARMER McKINLEY TAKES OFF HIS COAT.

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## THE DUTY OF SOUND-MONEY MEN.

THE candidates nominated by the convention of Democratic Populists at Chicago are neither the strongest nor the weakest that might have been selected. Mr. William J. Bryan is a man of respectable private character and some brilliant qualities. He is eloquent, and he is animated with that enthusiasm which makes eloquence impressive. There is, as far as we know, no reason to doubt that he believes in what he says, but there are many reasons why he should not so believe. His course in the House of Representatives proved him to be a man of little knowledge and superficial in argument. But his eloquence enabled him to make a little go a great ways, and to attract attention to everything he said. Men so gifted are apt to be carried away by their own enthusiasm, to impart that enthusiasm to people as unreasoning as they are themselves, and thus to become leaders dangerous to those that follow them. In movements that are mainly emotional they may exercise great power. Mr. Bryan seems to feel this, and it is reported that he intends to conduct his own campaign for the Presidency as an orator. It is not improbable that, as he in a great measure, although not altogether, owed his nomination to the electrical effect of a speech, he may think that he can carry the election too by a series of similar electrical effects. It is still less improbable that in this he will fail. There is a great difference between the situation of an orator advocating the election of somebody else and that of a candidate speaking for himself, whose every utterance is subjected to the most searching scrutiny, and who may ruin himself by a single slip of the tongue. We risk little in predicting that the very brilliancy of those qualities which make his success as an orator will prove the most dangerous stumbling-block to his ambition as a candidate, especially as in a campaign the issue of which is so intensely practical the glow of declamation will inevitably wear out when confronted by cool argument based upon indisputable facts.

In the nomination of Mr. Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for the Vice-Presidency on a ticket designed to appeal to the Populistic sentiment there is something strikingly grotesque. Mr. Sewall is a successful business man of good reputation. He is the head of a great ship-building firm. But he is also a "railroad magnate." Since 1875 he has been a director of the Maine Central Railroad Company, and since 1884 its president. He has been a director of some of the branch lines of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, a director of the Mexican Central Railway in 1884, '5, and '6, president of the Eastern Railroad in 1883 and 1884, director of the Boston and Maine Railroad in 1891 and 1893, director of the New York and New England Railroad since 1888, and director of the Portland and Rochester Railroad since 1884. This would prove him to be a business man of large activity and in a great measure enjoying the confidence of the business world; but we need not remind our readers that to the Populistic mind a railroad magnate ranks among the most dangerous and detestable of monopolists. Worse than all this, however, is the fact that since 1871 Mr. Sewall has been the president of the Bath National Bank. As national bankers are, according to the Populistic creed, the very miscreants who "corner gold," arrange panics, deal in bonds, and rob the plain people of their money, Mr. Bryan will find it difficult, when on the stump, to explain to his followers how he can make it consistent with his principles to associate with such sinister company, and to advocate the election of such a man to the second highest place in the government, in fact that of his own successor to the Presidency in case of accident. If Mr. Sewall has been put on the ticket for the vulgar reason that a "barrel" is needed, he may, indeed, prove of use in that respect; but then his nomination will, after all, be an element of weakness in point of logic as well as of morals.

We firmly believe that this ticket will be defeated. But it will, after all, not do to make light of the character of the candidates or of the strength of the movement which they represent. The widespread feeling of discontent and unrest in the West and South as well as in some of the Middle States which has given birth to this strange evolution, wild and unreasoning as it is, is a serious thing, and it should be treated seriously. It cannot be put down with epithets, sneers, and jibes. Every attempt to do so will only irritate its temper and make it stronger. It should not be forgotten that there are many people engaged in this movement who sincerely think themselves aggrieved and entitled to a respectful and sympathetic hearing. This they should have. They should be made to feel that their complaints are not disdainfully thrust aside, but candidly inquired into. Their ideas as to desirable measures of relief, whatever may be thought of their reasonableness or practicability, should be met with the weightiest and most lucid arguments the advocates of sound money can muster. There are two things which the sound-money men should never lose sight of as the true objects of their efforts: one is that the free-coinage candidates be not only defeated, but that they be defeated by a majority so overwhelming as to destroy their last hope of the ultimate success of their movement; and the other is that this overwhelming defeat be brought about by a campaign of education so thorough as to indoctrinate the American people with sound notions on public finance at least for a generation. Only if this is accomplished will the sound-money men have done their duty. Whatever of scorn and contempt they may feel, they should vent upon those Democrats who, knowing what is right, still at this moment of national danger show themselves willing to support that which they know to be wrong, for the purpose of saving their miserable little capital of party regularity.

## THE COMMUNISTIC CAMPAIGN.

With one exception, perhaps, there has never been adopted in this country a declaration of political faith containing so many un-Democratic and anti-Democratic heresies as are to be found in the Chicago platform. First of all, the underlying principle of the platform is paternalism, opposition to which has been a Democratic profession from the days of Jefferson to the present time. It is one of the great misfortunes of the country that class legislation has instilled and expanded the belief that it is the province of government to prosper and enrich individuals through the process of law, and it is to be hoped, now that the extreme folly and danger of the teaching is illustrated by the spread of communism among a people who ought to be most free from socialistic influences, that the country will set its feet in the path that leads to simpler and purer laws—laws that are really for the general welfare, instead of being for individual aggrandizement.

In the first place, the makers of the Chicago platform desire a system of money that rests upon the fiat of the government. Government has but one function to exercise in respect of money. The Constitution gives to the Federal government the right to "coin money and regulate the value thereof." If the government, under this provision, should simply certify the character and weight of metal of each piece, it would sufficiently perform its constitutional duty. When, however, it undertakes to increase artificially the intrinsic value of silver or paper, it undertakes a task beyond the power of any government. Money is the coined metal that is recognized throughout the commercial world. It is not valuable because the government has stamped it, but because its true value is thus expressed. When the government undertakes to run counter to the laws of nature, and to make a silver dollar, worth about 53 cents, equal to a gold dollar worth 100 cents, it fails. The silver dollar does not become more valuable. The government, under the law of 1890 known as the Sherman law, bought silver, turned it into currency, and endeavored to do the very thing that the Chicago platform demands shall be done—make the silver dollar circulate at par with the gold dollar. But the relative value of the silver dollar continued to fall notwithstanding this effort, and whereas in 1889, before the law was passed, the silver dollar was worth 75 cents, in 1893, when the law was repealed, it was worth only 60 cents. The government cannot do any more for silver than it did under the law of 1890. And not only was the effort unsuccessful, but it and the fear of a further experiment in the same direction brought on the panic of 1893, from the direful effects of which the country is still suffering.

If money is left to the beneficent rule of the laws of nature, the proper facilities for distribution being supplied, there will be in circulation at any given time the precise amount of money and representatives of money that is needed for the transaction of the business of the country. In the civilized world from 2 to 5 per cent. of this amount will be in gold, and from 95 to 98 per cent. will be in paper of various kinds, including checks, and in minor coins. The reason why the men who were in control at Chicago want free coinage of silver is because they want "more money." That is, they want the government to increase the representatives of money, and to compel purchasers, wage-earners, and creditors to accept them in payment of what is due them. This is only an effort, bound to be fruitless, to increase the amount of money in circulation, for nothing is to be accomplished if merely the sum of money and its representatives in existence is to be increased; what these people really want is to make money circulate more rapidly. This means that trade is to be made brisker by a law of Congress, for money circulates only as it is demanded by sales, loans, and general business activity that stimulates the output of mills, the demand for labor, the transportation of products, and all the various movements of industry. It is beyond the power of government to accomplish this; indeed, the very threat that government is to embark in such an enterprise has paralyzed the circulation of money, has locked it up, has made its holders timid, and has so checked and stopped the industries of the land that every one who works is suffering from an industrial apathy from which we will not recover until the silver movement is finally defeated. The immediate effects of the government's attempt to stimulate trade by making money plentiful would be demands for immediate payment of debts, foreclosures of mortgages, refusals of new loans, the cessation of enterprises that employ labor, and a commercial sterility that would necessitate bankruptcies.

But the fiat-money heresy is not the worst feature of this paternal and anti-Democratic platform. Among other things, the communists want to control our railroads, and they insist that the public debts shall not be paid in accordance with the understanding that existed between the government and its creditors when the debts were contracted. They will not only not have the kind of money that Europe uses, but will not keep faith either with European or American bondholders. The remote regions of the country have been brought into close connection with the seaboard by railroads. Twenty years ago the freight charge on a bushel of wheat brought by rail from Chicago to New York was twenty-four cents; in 1894 the charge for the same service was thirteen cents. Railroads have built up the West, and have brought its cheap lands into direct competition with the dearer lands of the East. The communists propose to put an end to railroad building by taking the roads out of the hands of their owners and by impairing the value of their securities. Will any one build roads or factories, or lend money on them, if politicians and communists are to manage the properties, and if interest and principal are to be paid in money that will pass nowhere outside of this country, while its value within the country will fluctuate from day to day?

We have suggested only a few of the results that will follow the election of Mr. Bryan—the repudiation of our debts, and the attempt of the communists to rearrange our money system and to regulate our transportation service. In addition they threaten an assault upon the Supreme Court, probably by adding to the number of its judges, so that their schemes may not be defeated on the ground of their unconstitutionality. Their plan is comprehensive. They have announced their hostility to all the laws of nature by which money is regulated, and the overthrow of the standards of honor which have governed men in their relations with one another for more than a century. No country is rich enough to pay for these communistic and anarchistic experiments, and we firmly believe that the people of the United States will not accept the parental control of the Tillmans and Altgelds, who are the powers behind Mr. Bryan and his platform.

## DEMOCRATS OWE NO DUTY TO COMMUNISM.

There are, happily, signs in every part of the country that sound-money Democrats are not hesitating as to their duty in the present crisis. In the South and the West, as well as in the East, prominent men and newspapers of the party are announcing that they cannot support the ticket and platform that were nominated and adopted by the communists at Chicago, while some are already declaring their purpose to support Mr. McKinley.

It is difficult for a loyal partisan to turn his back upon the organization which may have stood for his political faith during the whole of his manhood. Not only his political faith, but his political associations and friendships are involved, and although for several years the Democratic party has been rendered impotent for good by its "bosses" and its socialists, many good men have clung to it because of its ideals and its history. But now all that is gone. Its ideals were utterly destroyed when the party renounced what Mr. Cleveland and his friends have represented, while its history does not belong to the men who captured the organization at Chicago, and drove its oldest and best leaders out of a national convention.

It was not a regularly constituted Democratic convention that nominated Mr. Bryan at Chicago. The power to nominate the candidate was obtained by excluding regularly credentialed delegates, and by admitting silver men in their places. Mr. Bryan himself was not chosen a delegate to the convention by the regular organization of his State, but was admitted for the purpose of giving the communists the two-thirds vote necessary to nominate him. But aside from this somewhat technical suggestion, a very large number of Democrats believe that the triumph of the candidates and platform of Chicago would be a severe blow to the country, and that the platform is hostile to Democratic principles.

Such men must be either patriots or partisans. It is to be expected that a large number of leaders of the machine, and of workers in its behalf, will prefer partisanship to patriotism, but this is not to be expected of the men who compelled the machine to nominate Mr. Cleveland in 1892, and of the vast number of Democrats who have no personal or predatory interest in politics. In some way or other these Democrats must find a way to contribute to the defeat of the communists. How they shall most effectively do this is a practical problem which they must solve for themselves. One thing is certain, the Democrat who recognizes the danger of communism to the institutions of the country, and who yet supports Mr. Bryan for the sake of preserving what he calls his regularity, is a worthy comrade of Tillman and Altgeld, and as such should be remembered hereafter.

## REPUDIATION AND BUSINESS.

One of the New York morning newspapers published, the other day, a curious and suggestive report of an interview with Mr. W. H. Venable, of Georgia. Mr. Venable, who is described as the President of the Georgia Senate, was quoted as saying that he did not expect the ticket nominated at Chicago to win. He specified some of the mistakes that the convention had made which, in his judgment, diminished the chances of its candidates. But he added that "we should protect ourselves against the money power of the East. It will soon control the entire country. It is awful to think of. It is forever clutching at more money and more power." At this juncture the reporter was happily inspired to ask Mr. Venable the nature of his errand to New York. And then, in the language of Sergeant Buzfuz, "follows this very remarkable expression"—"I am here to borrow money to erect the finest office-building in the South."

The collocation of the denunciation of the "money power of the East," and the appeal to it, may have been made closer by the craft of the reporter than it was in Mr. Venable's mind or even in his language. But the collocation is none the less typical and significant. It is plain that there are some hundreds of thousands, at least, of American citizens and voters who are in the same confused condition of mind revealed by the avowals of Mr. Venable of Georgia. The victims of this confusion would probably say that when they were denouncing the money power of the East they were talking politics, but when they were invoking aid from it they were talking business. It would be convenient for them if that view might prevail, but that cannot be. Before the Chicago convention it was announced that the banks of a Southwestern city had taken the silver-talk of some of their customers much more seriously than the silver-talkers expected it to be taken. They even went the length of closing the accounts of these customers. This step was, no doubt, viewed by the customers with disgust and as a mean commercial persecution for political opinions—including the opinion that a fifty-cent dollar was good enough to pay a dollar of debt.

As a matter of fact, the banks were much more logical than the depositors, and administered to them a most effective object-lesson. They inculcated the truth that this year politics and business were the same thing, and that the programme which has now been embodied in the Chicago platform was an attack upon all property and all business. Whoever supports the proposal that the monetary unit of the country shall have but half the purchasing power that it purports to have for every purpose except the payment of debts, in which it shall count at its full nominal value, avows himself a repudiator to the extent of half his indebtedness. Why should such a man expect to borrow any more money, except upon terms which will cover the risk to which the lender exposes himself? The Georgian gentleman who has furnished the text for these remarks would doubtless "repudiate" the notion that he is a repudiator, and he might point to another sentence in his interview, which sets forth that "you cannot make a paper rag a dollar, and you cannot make it good for a dollar except by putting a dollar behind it." These are sensible words, in direct contradiction to the Chicago platform, but also in direct contradiction to the speaker's previous statement, that "the money power of the East is forever clutching at more money and more power." A disposition on the part of the borrower to pay back a cheaper dollar, and to eke out the moral weakness of his position by his vote, will tend to delay the construction of office-buildings and other industrial enterprises in those parts of the country in which the disposition is manifested.

## POPE LEO XIII.'S INVITATION TO CHRISTIAN UNITY.

He of the Vatican has spoken again. Pope Leo XIII. has often spoken, but this time on a new theme. No pope of the last two centuries has surpassed him in a keen and quick perception of the rapid changes in popular sentiment, and of the paternal way, from the Vatican point of view, in which to confront and adapt them. Besides, he excels in stately and labored declamations on the main thought of the hour upon ecclesiastical polity and doctrine. His encyclical is well timed, for it recognizes the pre-eminence of the aspiration for the union of Christendom.

Gladstone had heard that something of the kind was in due time to come from the Vatican. He therefore wrote his letter to Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's Secretary of State, pleading for Leo's recognition of the validity of Anglican orders. The encyclical is not an answer to Gladstone, and was probably in type and translated into many languages before the great Englishman had put his plea on paper, and nowhere mentions, even remotely, the validity of the orders of the 35,000 Anglican clergy. But in a sense it is an answer, for it says in substance: All who are out of my fold are schismatics; they belong to no Church; they must accept me as the one Holy Father, and they must adopt every one of the Roman Catholic doctrines. The inspiration of the Apocrypha, the celibacy of the clergy, the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, papal infallibility, and all the rest must be accepted, or the recusant is "outside the Catholic communion."

The language is explicit. Nobody can be admitted into this blessed unity "who in the least degree deviates from even one point of the doctrine proposed by the authoritative magisterium of the Church." The primacy of the Pope, the recognition of his authority, and the assent to every doctrine which he represents are the conditions of the only Christian union which Rome can entertain.

The Pope begins by declaring his desire to bring all peoples into one Christian fold, and then proceeds to place before them the example of the Church in which all should be united, and to show that the Church is a visible body, and only one body; that it is the guardian of the world's faith; that of necessity there must be a unity of government as well as of faith; and therefore that "as Christ willed that His kingdom should be visible, He was obliged to designate a vicegerent on earth in the person of St. Peter. He also determined that the authority given to Him for the salvation of mankind in perpetuity should be inherited by St. Peter's successors."

The conclusion is now natural and easy. The authoritative magisterium being determined—and this is only a beautiful and classical euphemism for the mastery of the Pope above bishops, councils, and all else—nothing further is wanted than the application, which is substantially this: "Come into the one Church of Rome. Do not hesitate. The ultimate tribunal is vested in one man—namely, his own pontifical self—who, when speaking in his official quality, divides his authority with no man or number of men when he declares on doctrine or morals. He can annul whatever councils determine. He holds St. Peter's keys, and can bind or loose at will. All must obey his orders. How easy, then, is the union of all Christendom!"

One learns a lesson from this last encyclical from the Vatican—that Rome has lost nothing of its monumental egoism. The invitation of the Thirteenth Lion to all the lambs to come into union with him might easily have been made by Leo X. or Gregory VII. It is musty with the antiquities of the temporal power of four centuries ago. The dust of the centuries flies out of it as one turns over its parchment pages. Rome alone is in the true path.

Still, there is a difference in the way of putting things nowadays. Even a pope scolds no more. The language of the authoritative magisterium is calm. There is nothing of the elder bluster. The anathemas against Protestants are forgotten as though veritable antiques. This is a gain for the courtesy of words. Never more will a pope speak as universal master.

No practical result, however, can be expected of this appeal for the submission of Protestants. Gladstone's letter and the Pope's encyclical are pleasant reading, even for midsummer, and belong to the somniferous literature of the season. No harm will come of either, and the Tiber and the Thames will flow on just as before. The sun will rise and set as usual, whether the Pope continues to write encyclicals or to feed his sparrows under the delightful shades of the Vatican Gardens.

## THE ONLY ISSUE.

Mr. McKinley made a speech on Saturday the 11th of July which indicates that he is aroused to the demands of this unhappy time, and that he recognizes the significance of the campaign. Among other things, he said that the present contest "is a struggle to preserve the financial honor of the United States," and that "in this contest patriotism is above party, and national honor is dearer than any party name."

These ought to be, and we have no doubt will be, the watchwords of the political campaign. Mr. McKinley has ceased to be merely the candidate of the Republican party. By reason of the capture of the Democratic convention by the silver men, the communists, the anarchists, —by Bryan, Bland, Tillman, and Altgeld—he is the leader in a war which the common enemies of sound-money men of all parties are waging not only against the long results of civilization, but against the national honor. This is the issue on which patriotic men will unite, and it is aiding the enemy to talk of other issues, to make pretence that Mr. McKinley's election will be the triumph of the tariff policy that he stood for when he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, or of anything except the proposition that the United States shall adhere to the money standard of the civilized world.

If the communists triumph in the coming election, this country will take the lowest place among the powers that are counted great. It will undertake, if the Chicago policy be carried out, to do by corrupt legislation what weaker powers would not dare to try. It will repudiate its obligations, and the effort to keep the promise of the government to maintain the parity of the metals will thus be abandoned. Although the expenditures of the government are likely to exceed its receipts during the next fiscal year, the communists announce that the Executive is to be deprived of the power to borrow money for the purpose of meeting such an emergency. In other words, the national creditor, when the debt due to him is for work done or material supplied to the government, is to go unpaid.

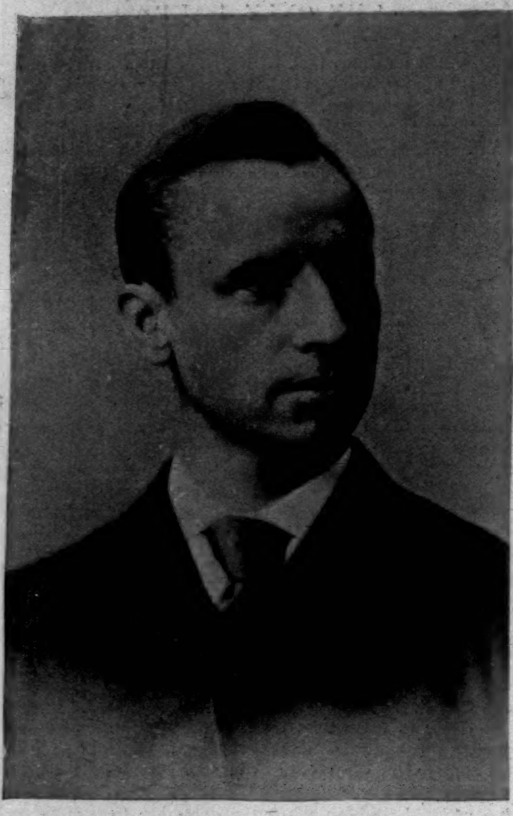
The communists propose to transform a hitherto honest nation—a nation that of all the nations of the world has paid its debts most promptly—into a repudiating and swindling nation. This is incidental to so transforming our money system that our farmers, the chief exporters of the country, will always be at the mercy of the exchange broker, will always be compelled to pay blood-money, or insurance against the fluctuation of the silver dollar, which, under communistic government, will be our only form of currency. It is in a contest between honor and dishonor that Mr. McKinley finds himself a leader. Therefore we must hear no more of issues that have divided honest men in the past. The task of defending the country's honor is one that demands the united and enthusiastic energies of good citizens of all parties.

## THE CRETAN INCIDENT.

It is nearly five hundred years since the Ottoman Turk forced his way into Europe. He was an exotic then, and as the centuries have passed, his exotic characteristics have grown more and more evident. That he was of some use in the development of the higher civilization of Europe we, who even now understand so little of the inner meanings of history, would be rash to deny, but what that use was is not very clear.

When he first entered Europe he did so on the rising tide of a new-born religious enthusiasm, and with all the unimpaired vigor of a desert ancestry. These qualities carried him from conquest to conquest then, and it is the natural decay of these qualities that shows him at his worst to-day. No great change has come over the race since the days of Mohammed II. or the magnificent Solyman; the real difference lies mainly in his surroundings. Armenian massacres and Cretan outrages were common things then, but the scale on which they were perpetrated was generally a small one, because of the hopelessness of resistance. To-day it is otherwise. The stars in their courses have fought against the Turk; or, in other words, he and his methods are out of date, and he begins to have a suspicion that it is so. Even if he doesn't know it, the races he has held so long in subjection—Greeks, Slavs, Armenians—all know it to-day, and rise in resistance to wrongs which their ancestors submitted to in despair of rescue. It is the times that have changed, not the Turk. Five hundred years ago he was an exotic in Europe; to-day he is an anachronism.

It is this which lends to events in Turkey such a new and special interest to-day. Bad and oppressive government is no novelty there; cruelty and outrage are no novelties; it is the resistance that is new, and it is the wide-spread and spontaneous character of that resistance which marks the beginning of the end so far as Turkish rule in Europe, and in the early future in Asia Minor also, is concerned. The selfish jealousies of European nations may retard this result, but they will be powerless to prevent it. It was possible, though with some loss of self-respect, to abandon Armenia to massacre and that kind of Roman peace that was secured by desolation, but it will hardly be possible to do as much for Crete. The island lies in the course of trade, its people have near relatives who are admitted into the family of European nations, it is of itself important to the commerce of the West. It is a safe prediction to make to-day that, if its people are but true to themselves, they are certain to meet with a better fate than has so far befallen Armenia.



WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

## EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL.

THE sudden death of William Eustis Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, in a camp not far from Quebec, during the night of July 15, comes at a time peculiarly effective to emphasize his notable services to his country. His last public work was to protest at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, only a week before, against party and national dishonor through the adoption of a free-silver plank in the platform. He spoke in the convention and out of it against this folly. He and his associates lost. He shared their greatness in defeat.

So far as the routine record of Mr. Russell's life is concerned a few words would tell it all. He was born in 1857: graduated from Harvard in 1877; was admitted to the bar in 1880; became a Common Councilman in his birthplace and home, Cambridge, in 1881; was an Alderman in 1882 and 1883; was elected Mayor in 1884. His fearless stand for law and order and his broad judgment in public affairs made him the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1888. He polled more votes than did Mr. Cleveland, then running for President. That made him the candidate for next year. Again he reduced the Republican plurality, and that made him the candidate the next year, 1890, when he was elected. He had a large personal following, and was re-elected Governor in 1891 and 1892. He retired from public life then. New England wanted to vote for him for President in the Chicago convention. He threw personal considerations aside when the free-silver storm came, and tried to stop the flood.

Mr. Russell had that quality of personal magnetism which is most potent for political success. His absolute honesty and devotion to conscience made him a marked man, and although others on the State Democratic tickets were not elected, he won three successive elections to the Governorship with comparative ease. He canvassed the entire State. He was an excellent speaker, and his direct and forcible style won friends for him wherever he appeared.

As Mayor, Mr. Russell won approval by his rigorous enforcement of the anti-liquor-selling laws, although personally he was opposed to such laws. He acted his part faithfully as chief executive of his city during some labor troubles, and secured the respect of strikers and employers. As Governor he preserved the high traditions of the office, made appointments that were universally commended, and although the Legislature of the State was opposed to him politically, he left a record in the office for efficiency and devotion to public interests that was most enviable. Had the gold-standard men controlled the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, he would have been a leading candidate for the nomination. His candidacy would have been based solely on merit. His last public words, uttered at the Chicago convention, closed with this prophecy;

"When the storm has subsided and the dark clouds of passion and prejudice have worn away, and there comes a sober second thought of the people, then the protest the minority here made will be held as the ark of the covenant of the faith, where all Democrats will be reunited and go forth to fight for the old principles and carry them to triumphant victory."

It is a distinguished honor for any man to become Governor of Massachusetts. That post carries with it the official title of "His Excellency," recognized by the State Constitution. It is a remarkable honor to become Governor of that commonwealth at the age of 33. It is still more remarkable to obtain that honor at such an age when the man attaining it belongs to an almost hopeless minority party. These honors William E. Russell had; but the greatest honor of all was the unbounded respect which the people gave him. He had filled the highest office in Massachusetts with credit. He was worthy to fill the highest office in the country with credit. It is not too much to say that he was the idol and the hope of the young Democracy of the East.

## WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE death of William Hamilton Gibson has come as a shock to his many friends in New York. Some of them had met him in his accustomed haunts in the city within a few weeks, apparently in the enjoyment of his usual abounding health and spirits. Others who had seen him at his home in Washington, Connecticut, where he died, were less surprised, for they were aware that his condition had become such as to excite apprehension.

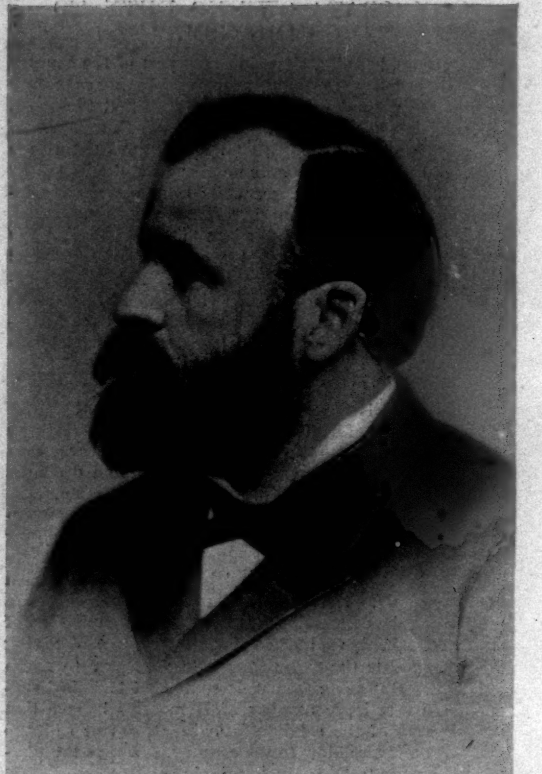
William Hamilton Gibson was born in Sandy Hook, Connecticut, October 5, 1850, and received his first schooling at the famous "Gunnery" at Washington, Connecticut, the head master of which made an impression upon his pupils comparable with that which was made upon so many English boys, who afterwards became distinguished, by Arnold of Rugby. Mr. Gibson long afterwards commemorated his own obligations to his teacher in a paper of reminiscences of his school days. The bent of young Gibson's mind seems to have been shown in the choice, for his further education, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, upon leaving which he had already determined to devote himself to art. It was in 1870 that he began to make a specialty of botanical drawing, done with scientific exactitude, for a number of periodicals.

It was not, however, until some years later, when he made his début in HARPER'S MAGAZINE with a paper on "Birds and Plumage," illustrated by himself, that it came to be generally recognized that along with the rigorous scientific exactitude there was a distinct and individual artistic quality. The frontispiece, a full-page and full-size drawing of a peacock's feather, "The Peerless Plume," was a *tour de force* of elaborate skill both in the drawing and in the engraving, although the nature of the subject made it impossible to exhibit in it the artistic "note" of the designer. This was a pensive grace that he contrived to impart not less to the drawing of a bunch of way-side weeds than to an expanded landscape. This paper and the others which followed it put their author quite in the front rank of "black and white" men. They were subsequently collected in a handsome volume, entitled *Highways and Byways*, published in 1883. The volume vindicated the author's right to recognition as an artist with the pen as well as with the pencil, and entitled him to a place among those enthusiastic naturalists who have the skill in words to impart their enthusiasm, from White of Selborne to Thoreau and Richard Jefferies.

The same qualities that were shown in this volume were exhibited in its author's other works, illustrated by himself: *Camp Life in the Woods*, *Trapping and Trap-making*, *Pastoral Days*, *Happy Hunting-Grounds*, and *Sharp Eyes*. In this last very notably, as well as in the still later volume, *Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms*, liberal publishing has added very greatly to the inherent attractiveness of text and illustrations. The treatise on *Edible Toadstools* is a practical manual, and a much-needed one, on the simple art of distinguishing harmless from poisonous fungi; but the execution of the colored plates necessary for this purpose, as well as of the illustrations in black and white, make it one of the handsomest of recent books. Besides the illustrations of his own books, Mr. Gibson devoted his artistic skill to the illustration of other authors, including the pictorial edition of Longfellow.

The popularity of his books encouraged their author a few years ago to venture into the field of popular lectures on natural history. This field had not since the time of Agassiz been cultivated with such success as by Mr. Gibson. His unfeigned enthusiasm for his subject, the clearness and ease of his verbal elucidations, and the ingenuity and felicity of his illustrations, by means not only of his ready crayon, but of mechanical apparatus devised by himself, made the lectures as entertaining as they were instructive and valuable. There could be no more enjoyable treat, in its own kind, as all who have experienced it will agree, than his illustrated lecture on "Cross-Fertilization."

Mr. Gibson's personal charm impressed itself upon the hearers of these lectures—a charm that came of his essential heartiness and benevolence of nature. But of course this was far more deeply felt by those who were privileged to associate with him more closely, and by all those who were brought into companionship with him he will be sincerely mourned. Mr. Gibson leaves a wife and two sons.



WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

FROM time to time one goes back to town during the summer, and gets a bizarre effect of strangeness from its familiarity, which deepens as the season deepens, till mid-August, and then begins slowly to efface itself. Then all that is habitual comes to the surface again, and one has one's city back in its wonted aspect, or perhaps I had better say, wonted sentiment. If one's city is New York, this experience is intensified, for the New York is intensification in everything, even in the absence of intensity.

### I.

I wish that I had a canvas that would suffer me to do justice to the theme that allures me, but nothing smaller than a life-size map of the metropolis would give my pencil scope enough; and it is only an expression, a feature, a physiognomy, that I can hope to get recognizably down in this little space. At the best, I am not sure that these can be made so lifelike as to convince of their characteristicality, and I shall not blame the reader if he says he never saw such things, or never saw them exactly so. I believe no two people ever see precisely the same moon, and I do not see why they should be expected to see the same midsummer New York.

I think that what strikes one most vividly is the air of real depopulation which the city wears. It is useless, in our compassion and honor for those who are obliged to remain in town, to pretend that vast numbers of people have not gone away, or that there are as many people in town as ever. There are not nearly so many people, and people have gone away by tens of thousands, by hundreds of thousands. They had begun to go away to Europe early in April, and they kept going with every steamer till July, as many as the steamers could carry, while the outpour to the country and the sea-side, to the hotels and the cottages, beginning much later, increased to an indefinitely greater volume. By the first weeks of June the street-effect of depletion was already very noticeable, not perhaps to those who remained, but certainly to those who returned.

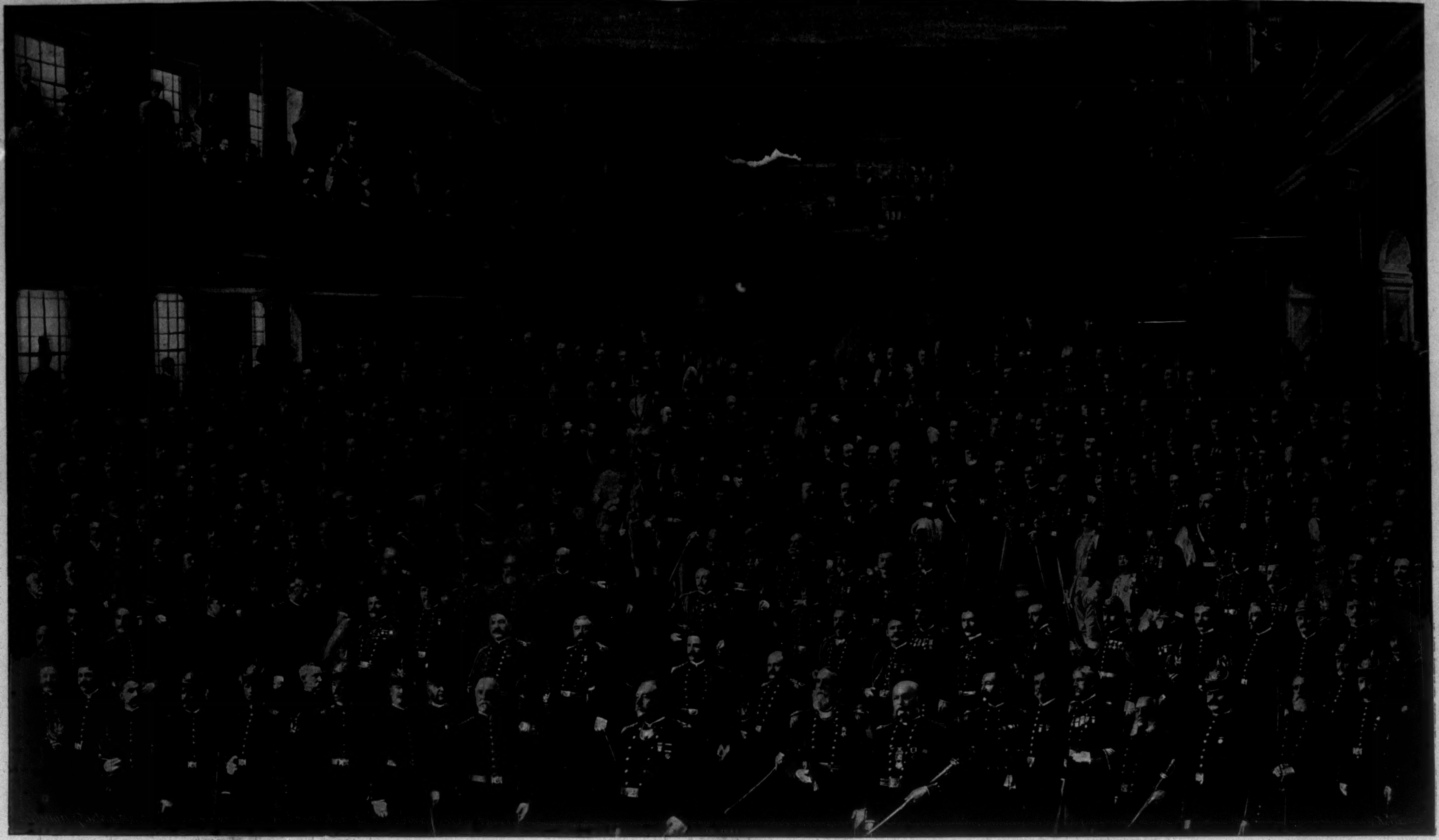
The city now in mid-July still stuns the sense softened to the caressing sounds of the waves and the leaves; but it is with no such magnitude of noise as business and pleasure join in sending up in their season. As many trains grind and scream on the tracks overhead, and as many horse-cars and cable-cars tinkle and whir by on the tracks underfoot, but they are none of them so heavy laden; and thousands of cabs, coupés, and carriages, with thousands of provision-carts and delivery-wagons, are idle and mute that at other times swell the uproar. Out of two million New-Yorkers (one likes to anticipate the facts of the census), perhaps fifteen hundred thousand remain; but the five hundred thousand gone are those whose wealth and luxury keep most of the wheels of small traffic and of fashion flying. It is only the public vehicles and the heavy trucks of commerce whose tires now grind upon the air in the streets and avenues where they have ample space.

### II.

The city is sensibly emptier of its citizens both to the ear and to the eye, and I suspect the belief some of us have that it is filled up with strangers from the South and West is an illusion. We notice these because their presence defines itself strongly against the void; but they cannot be here in any such great numbers, though a distinguished Southwesterner has celebrated New York as the most agreeable summer resort on the coast. Still you do meet them in the street, now and then, and when this happens with me, I have a pleasure in their strenuously individualized type which is very distinct. The Westerner is not, indeed, so obvious as the Southerner; he is of our own commercial civilization; but the elder Southerner, after a whole generation of the common principle of American democracy, has still something feudal and lordly in his past. I like his swarthy tint, his white mustache and chin tuft, his countenance at once grave and suave, his bearing courteous but stately. I should like to speak to him when I meet him in Fifth Avenue or Broadway, now so eased of their throngs that we need not jostle each other, and I have a feeling that he would doff to me, if I took off my hat to him, and would not think my salutation amiss. I am not sure that I have seen any of the ladies of his family on the street, but you may identify them by their charming accent at a pretty hotel where I sometimes stop in my summer visits to town. It has a great court with a fountain in the middle, and palms in tubs round the fountain, and galleries where you may dine looking down upon the fronds and jets. At night a band plays, and then it is all very tropical, and these picturesque Southern visitors serve to heighten the illusion.

### III.

I suppose they come on from heats which must make our summer seem mostly a delightful memory of spring or a revery of autumn; and I fancy they go a great deal to the summer amusements of the theatres, though I cannot testify to this from my own knowledge. The amusements are not such as would tax the mind, if they wished not to waste themselves in thought, but one might say this



THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS, FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—From a Photograph by the Notman Photographic Company, Boston.—[See Page 727.]

of most plays in the winter-time. I do not insist, however, that our amusements shall always instruct us; it is quite enough if they occasionally amuse us; and one can always have recourse to the house if the stage fails us in this.

I have a fancy (I really feel that I am getting to have an imagination, in exercise of these conjectures) that at such theatres as are open the audience is mostly made up of strangers; and that at other places, like the vaudeville entertainments and the roof-gardens, the stay-at-home New-Yorker prevails. I cannot say that he shows the better taste in this matter, and so far as I have experimented, I have found the theatre rather better fun than the roof-garden. If you will get beyond the range of the electric fans in the theatre, where they must disseminate indefinite neuralgia and pneumonia, you are very comfortable; but in the roof-garden you are the prey of all the elements. In compensation, a little stage, at a great distance, invites the troubled eye through a mist of tobacco smoke, a cross-glare of electrics, and a constant agitation of hats, with the occasional interposition of a waiter's solid bulk, as he serves an order or makes change at a neighboring table.

The roof-garden has apparently come to stay (there ought really to be some way of representing by their initials such phrases as that, and "a very busy man," and "a very sick woman," and "breakfast is my best meal," etc.), but I hope not in its present discomfort and fatuity. After all, a well-ventilated ground-floor garden, or say, third-story garden, would be better; but the notion of a roof-garden flatters the fancy; and it will probably be reformed before it is superseded.

But as yet, spectacle for spectacle, I prefer the street, and especially the poorer sort of street. At this season, the respectable streets are undeniably as dull as most of their dwellers are at all seasons, but wherever poverty, virtuous or vicious, abides there is the charm of a more dramatized being. I miss nowadays, to be sure, the old-time dirt which used to prevail in the poorer streets; the impartial sweep of Colonel Waring's white angels' wings has changed all that; but nothing save enterprise or fire can change the picturesque shabbiness of the houses; and there is a stretch of a cross-town street up from my ferry which is a constant joy to me. Its whole surface is gridironed with horse-car tracks; the sky is webbed with the rails and ties of the elevated roads; it seems the favorite course of iron-laden trucks and beer-wagons; men pushing rag-and-old-bottle carts prefer it, and hand-organists claim it for their own. The sun scalds down into it all day long, and the children dance on the sidewalks to the music and the uproar, or play hop-scotch, or skip the rope in a temperature which the average salamander would find a little trying. Young mothers placidly nurture their offspring on the door-steps or at the windows, or in loosely flying cotton wrappers, with Watteau falls, promenade before their dwellings with their babies in their arms. Frowsy men haunt the wicker half-doors of the corner saloons, and boys pass ball on the kerb-stones in a wild freedom unmolested by the cops. Now and then my heart is wrung by the sight of a boy suddenly taken captive by his mother and put to push his little sister or brother in a baby-carriage, the mock and byword of his mates. But there are few elements of tragedy in the drama, which is eminently domestic, and which I should find playing far into the night, with unabated interest, if I were taking the theatre train home.

### IV.

I like at this season to buy a book, for I find a real literary leisure in the clerks, who are very different now from the salesmen whose commercial briskness hurries and confuses my choice in winter. They take a friendly interest in my modest purchase; they let me turn over whole counterfuls of books, and are not apparently hurt if, after all, I take nothing. It is much the same at other shops, where I get upon such human terms with those whose natural prey I am, that they voluntarily suggest where they think I may find the thing they find they have not got. The bargain-counter itself now experiences its moments of relaxation, and you can easily get by the doors of the largest stores. The pavements of the great shopping streets rest from the trouble of one-half the distracted feet that haunt them earlier and later; and in other streets you may encounter pretty young housewives who are staying in town with their husbands, and who in their cool muslins and airy hats, look as if they were out for the purchase of nothing more extravagant than a cantaloupe or a salad. They impart I know not what of pastoral and idyllic to the city scene, and make you wish to know all about them.

If I look in upon some business friend now, I find him at his desk indeed, but with an effect of generous detachment, and with an air of willingness to go out and lunch at any hour of the day, even though wiping the pousse-café from his moustache at the very moment. The places where he lunches and dines all try to make themselves attractive to him, and to still the yearnings of his heart for wife and child, and the home they have taken with them out of town, and I suppose they measurably succeed. I myself like best those where they serve you a *table d'hôte* dinner, and of these the places kept by my second-compatriots the Italians. These endeavor to put a little imagination into their allurements, which are not all appeals to the appetite. In many a brownstone cross-street of waning fashion you will find a canopy overarching the stairway from the pavement, with pots of plants mounting the steps in procession and marshalling the way to the dining-rooms, where flowers nod from the window-gardens of the old parlor casements.

I do not know but the pleasure stops with these fairy promises; I will not assume to speak from a very general experience in the summer, but there comes a time of life when the Italian *table d'hôte* is not at any season digested with the joyous transports of former years. Still, I would be willing to suffer a little, once or twice a summer, for the glimpses of unwonted life that such places afford one then. It is quite another kind of fellow-creature from the hardy youth of winter whom one sees there in July, and the other evening I made bold to imagine a most respectable-looking middle-aged Boston couple at the table just in front of me. I did not catch sight of either of their faces; hers was hid by his head, which had its back to me; but I fancied them in the tempered joy of a second-marriage wedding-journey. They were in every way very correct, and very, very quiet; but I think they secretly felt themselves to be on a *bat*, and in such a place as they would have resorted to in their native city for no earthly consideration.

W. D. Howells.

## THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

An item of contemporary news says that Mr. Charles A. Dana is travelling in the Daghestan Caucasus, and that he has with him two consuls and four foreign newspaper men, representing German, French, Italian, and English newspapers. It is pleasant, while our intellectuals are creaking over the silver question, to think of some one who is having a bully time and who does not care whether school keeps or not. Since Mr. Dana can speak four languages a day to the members of his own party, and as many more, perhaps, to the natives of the countries he passes through, he must find his environment pretty nearly satisfactory, and no one need expect him to be in any haste about getting home.

No doubt those two consuls (one British, one American) who are reported to be of Mr. Dana's party add interest to his travels. Consuls judiciously selected are very good company, for they are persons of experience in affairs, and learn many useful and agreeable things in the course of their business. A London despatch, dated July 6, 1896, tells of the brave exploit of a consular-bred youth, Mr. Cecil Piatt, of Cincinnati. He was aboard a yacht that was one of the competitors in a sailing-match, on July 4, in Queenstown Harbor. Nineteen yachts were in the race; a man fell overboard from one of them, and young Piatt jumped in after him. He got his man, but another yacht came along and sailed over him in the water. Piatt had to let go, and the other man was drowned, but he was rescued himself, and report says his conduct is spoken of at Queenstown as being "characteristic of the American race." Mr. Cecil Piatt is the son of John James Piatt, an old acquaintance of the Weekly's readers, and formerly United States consul at Cork. Cecil, who is eighteen years old, is an expert yachtsman and yacht-builder, and a painter in water-colors of yachts and yachting scenes. Five years ago he built with his own hands a sail-boat, modelled after the *Volunteer*, which is still afloat in Cork Harbor. He has been drowned once, but was brought to life again. He is a deputy consul at Cork, and has an older brother who is vice-consul at Dublin, and another who is deputy consul at Edinburgh. The three of them recently sailed a two or three ton yacht, called *The Babe*, from Cork to Glasgow, nearly eight hundred miles, a good deal to the admiration of the natives. All the Piatt boys, it seems, are expert sailor-men, the result of their consular education at Queenstown.

Yachting is a good summer occupation for people who have yachts and like to sail in them; but it seems not to be a sure cure for everything, for the papers said the other day that Ogden Goelet's *White Ladye* was lying in Cowes Harbor with its owner dangerously ill aboard. If people are going to be dangerously ill, they can do it anywhere. One wonders whether the domestic difficulties which have resulted so disastrously to the health of a respected branch of the Vanderbilt family have reached across the sea and smitten the Vanderbilts' next-door neighbor at Newport.

The city of Buffalo has furnished amusement to various rival cities in the States of New York and Ohio by producing a death record for the last six months with a rate of only 11.67 per thousand. This is an extremely low rate, and Buffalo is proud of it; but her neighbors say that she has got it not because her deaths have been few, but by an immense exaggeration of her survivors. Her assumption is that she has gained a hundred thousand in population in six years, and her death rate, accordingly, is based on a population of 355,000. The laugh seems to be on Buffalo in this matter. She has attempted too much. If she had been content to pose merely as a big city she might have done that, and if she had been satisfied to seem abnormally healthy she might have succeeded; but when she tries to work robust health and robust size out of the same figures, of course her rivals will tell her that her facts disprove her estimates.

It is an obscure Briton nowadays who has not relatives in America. Mr. Crockett, whose story of "The Gray Man" lately ran its lively course in the Weekly, has an aunt who has lived for thirty-three years in Springfield, Ohio. She tells tales of her nephew, and says that when he was a boy he had a great book hunger, and would make any sacrifice to satisfy it. As he grew older, she says, he spent days on the hills absorbing and studying the landscapes, which he would put into words when he got home.

It is some months since newspaper-readers all over the country began to read of the remarkable effectuality of the elevated-railroad pillar opposite No. 5 Fulton Street, in Brooklyn, in killing and maiming inoffensive citizens. This pillar, it seems, forms one of the supports of the Fulton Street terminal of the Kings County Elevated road. It stands between the tracks of the Fifth Avenue trolley line, at a point where the crowds from the ferry board the surface cars. The pillar is so near the track as to brush off with certainty and despatch any person standing on the foot-board of a passing car. Since the 1st of January twenty-two people have been crushed between this pillar and moving cars. Two of them have been killed, and a large proportion of those hurt have been badly injured. The pillar has been so much talked about, and its destructiveness is so notorious, that it has come to be known as Death's Pillar. Strange to say, nothing has been done about it until the 11th of this month. It smashed a man's head that day, and the Fifth Avenue trolley line concluded it would be necessary to take extra precaution. So now every car stops when it gets to that pillar. That trolley-cars should be allowed to run amuck against an iron pillar in a civilized American city for six months, with such a resulting tale of death and injury, is an amazing and incomprehensible thing. And yet the Brooklyn *Eagle* grieves and grumbles because Brooklyn men, when away from home, are so prone to register themselves as from New York.

Men who believe in gold have held their convention and have made nominations. So have the men who believe in silver. So have the Prohibitionists, and the Populists are going to, and the Labor men, and divers representatives of other eccentricities of opinion. Every one who thinks he knows what is the matter with the times is free to get his adherents together and to make Presidential nominations. Where is Lieutenant Totten? and why is it that we do not hear of plans of his for a convention? His diagnosis of our difficulties is different from anybody else's. He says it is the position of the planets that is at the bottom of all our trouble, and that we won't be reasonable or comfortable for four or five years, until the planets can pull around and come right again. It is to be wished that Totten might convene and adopt a platform and nominate. A ticket named by him might be of considerable use in drawing votes which are liable, as it is, to do mischief in other directions.

The news of the illness of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is somewhat alarming at this writing, because there is so little of it and that little so vague. The tan-bark laid down before his house reminds every passer that he is ill, and beyond that the public knows little. Mr. Vanderbilt has so conducted himself since he came to years of discretion and responsibility that it is impossible that any serious illness which may overtake him should not be a matter of grave public concern.

The detractors of young Bryan, the Democratic nominee, are trying to reduce his fame as a speech-maker by alleging that the speech he made at Chicago, and which won him his nomination, was largely a second-hand affair which he had learned by heart by constant use. They tell it of him now, that his famous figures of the crown of thorns and the cross of gold have been worked so hard in his oratory that they have come to be habitual with him. At least, however, he deserves the credit of recognizing a good metaphor when he finds it, and keeping it at work. His experience is fit to teach all young speakers who don't know it already that the Bible is the greatest phrase-book and the greatest treasury of figures of speech that exists. If anything is needed to drive the lesson home, there is Tillman's experience with a quotation from Byron.

The greatest show child in the world is Helen Keller. The other day she opened the fifth summer meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf by reciting the Twenty-third Psalm. At the same meeting, several days later, she made an address. She wrote it out on a type-writer, learned it by heart, and spoke it from the platform. Of course all readers of the Weekly know about Helen Keller, that she is deaf and blind, as Laura Bridgman was, and has been taught to speak and to read speech. She is a most affecting and a most satisfying person. It is proposed now that she shall go through Radcliffe College, and doubtless she will do it, for what her friends propose they find means to carry out, and all that depends upon herself is marvellously accomplished.

E. S. Martin.

### LONDON.

There is a big boom in things American just now. During the past month or so England has had exceptional opportunities for showing her good-will towards America, and she has made the most of them. No intelligent American can help being moved by the depth and intensity of the feeling everywhere to be met with in favor of peace and amity with the United States. The Congregationalist pilgrims, who have now left London for Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, have had their impressions of England almost obliterated by the sense of the kindness shown to them at every stage of their journey. It has affected them so much that they even talk of English railroads with gentleness. Dr. Dunning, the organizer of the visit, has told the interviewers how deeply one and all have been impressed with the wellnigh universal feeling in England that war with America would be an unspeakable horror, and it is the existence of this feeling that has intensified the heartiness of their welcome, and has evidently added immensely to their appreciation of it. Not less warm has been the reception held out to the Boston Artillery Company.

The comments of the English press on the Democratic Convention have also shown a knowledge of American politics that was wofully lacking a few years ago—or, if not a knowledge, at least a desire for knowledge. Of course the amazing ignorance of English people concerning America cannot be wiped out at once. I was talking the other day with Mr. Justin McCarthy in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons, and he told me a tale which illustrated this astounding lack of correct information. An English politician, a member of the present government, and a man whose name is known the whole world over, was questioning him about Chicago. "Let me see, Mr. McCarthy," said he, "Chicago's on the borders of a lake, isn't it?" "Yes." "And—er—is it a pretty little lake?" asked the English cabinet minister. The fact is, America, up till quite recently, was very little heard of in England. When there was a strike at Chicago, or a lynching party out in Texas, or General Coxey was making a march, then the English press would give some account of the event, and accompany it with a sneering editorial. But there was no regular correspondence worth the name, and it was rarely that anything American was considered deserving of more than a meagre paragraph. Besides that, Americans who visit England rarely become acquainted with English people. They put up at boarding-houses or the Embankment hotels; they drive all over London on omnibuses, and they visit the Tower and Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon—precisely the places where Englishmen are not to be found. It is the rarest possible thing to find in the provinces an Englishman who knows an American. Even now on the average Englishman's list of countries to be visited America stands last. The idea of taking a holiday tour in America has never yet occurred to the English people.

S. B.

## CHICAGO.

Now that the Democratic *dégringolade* is complete, and the honorable tradition upheld by the leaders of the party from Jefferson to Mr. Cleveland has given way to a frank declaration of dishonor, the course that must be taken by all honest men is made plain. The oratory that characterized the occasion was worthy of the cause in which it was poured forth. One or two gems will bear reproduction. A Kansas delegate described Mr. Bland in these perfervid terms: "A new-time prophet, clad in skins, with dusty feet; a man fresh from his Maker's hand; a singer singing ever sweet; a charmer charming very wise; and then all men shall not be dumb, for he shall say, 'Take heed, for I prepare the way for weary feet.'" This sounds as if intended for a kind of verse; and there is no doubt on that score about Mr. Vest's couplet:

> "Give us Silver Dick and silver quick,
> And we will make McKinley sick."

Of Mr. Blackburn a delegate spoke in these impassioned terms: "When the tongue of slander and the heart of hate were hurled against his people, he stood as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."

Among the Fourth of July entertainments offered to Chicagoans this year, one at least had the stamp of novelty. Nothing less than a railroad collision was the spectacle planned by an enterprising amusement caterer. No one was butchered to make a Chicago holiday, but two locomotives, each pulling a train of three freight-cars, were ruined beyond hope of repair. They were started toward each other from points a little over a mile apart, the engineers jumping from their cabs while there was yet time. The trains met at the point desired, and there was a fine smash-up. Several thousands of people paid for admission to the enclosed space within which the collision was planned to take place, and most of them carried relics of the occasion home with them. Considered as an Independence-day event, it was about as melancholy an exhibition as that which Mr. Ruskin speaks of witnessing in France, when, upon some national holiday, the peasants of Chamonix assembled for the purpose of firing off rusty horse-pistols from morning till night. And just as likely as not the youthful spectators of the scene will try to do a little train-wrecking of their own some fine day or other.

The recently issued annual report of the Chicago Public Library makes an interesting showing. The home circulation of books during the year has been 1,173,586 volumes, which breaks the world's record for free circulating libraries. This enormous figure results from the system of delivery stations which have been gradually built up during the past twenty years, and which makes it possible for people in all parts of the city to draw books upon short notice without going very far from their homes. Another million or so of books have been drawn from the library to be consulted without being taken home. These statistics show that the library has been exceptionally successful in the performance of its function as a purveyor of reading for the people. Even more satisfactory than this aggregate showing is the classified statement which tells the kinds of books that are most in demand. Every librarian of a large collection of books has to struggle against the novel-reading tendencies of the public, and does his best to minimize the percentage of fiction consumed. In Chicago this percentage has been steadily falling, and is now nearly down to forty, as against the seventy or eighty of a score of years ago. There is, of course, a good deal of fiction among the books classified as "juvenile" (21 per cent.) and "foreign languages" (10 per cent.), but, allowing for this, the gain is still remarkable, and shows a noticeable improvement in the taste of the reading public. The library now contains 217,203 volumes, and the number would be much larger had not the purchases of recent years been restricted by the cramped quarters provided for the collection. A considerable expansion may be expected when the library takes possession of its new building next year—an event awaited with much interest by those who want to use the collection for more serious purposes than those of desultory entertainment. Hitherto the reference accommodations provided have been wretchedly inadequate, and a great improvement in this respect may be looked for. W. M. P.

## BOSTON.

The Conference of Comparative Religions is still in session at Greenacre, near Portsmouth, New Hampshire—a place so happily named that strangers have been attracted to it on that account, just as Matthew Arnold was attracted to Indianapolis. The situation is as beautiful as the name, being upon the banks of the winding, tree-shaded Piscataqua, and near enough to the sea to catch the booming of the surf when the wind is east. And yet people come to this lovely spot in midsummer and desecrate it by reading aloud papers on the "Practical Bearings of the Old but Ever-New Thought upon Educational Lines," to say nothing of "Life and Education, Objective and Subjective Stand-points." These were among the subjects this week.

Sporadic cases of free silver are coming to light all over New England. Sometimes it is mere love of "regularity" and fanatical devotion to party, sometimes it is a mean desire to go with the crowd, and sometimes it is real conviction. There is a small group of able men in Boston who have maintained the cause of free silver for some years past. Among them is Mr. William E. Speer, a brilliant lawyer, and Mr. Brooke Adams, whose clever book, *Civilization and Decay*, has made at least one convert in the person of his brother, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Adams's proposition—and, by-the-way, there is a strange anticipation of it in a passage of Allison's history—is that when money is plenty times are good, and that hard times and the decay of nations are caused by the fact that money becomes scarce, and that what there is of it gets into the hands of bankers—in short, of "gold-bugs." Thus he explains the fall of the Roman Empire. It may be so; but one does not readily believe that a great race can be overthrown by merely mechanical causes.

The army-worm is marching through some of the New England villages and stripping the fields bare. In the Pawtuxet Valley, near Providence, Rhode Island, ten acres of oats disappeared as if by magic. The munching and grinding of the worms sounded like the patter of a heavy rain on a tin roof. A seven-hundred-acre farm in Revere, Massachusetts, has been laid waste by these creatures; and another army of them is operating upon the rich bottom-lands in Amherst, Hadley, and Deerfield, where great crops of corn and tobacco are raised. Caterpillars and canker-worms have destroyed the leaves of elm and apple trees in many districts, and a new pest has appeared in New England in the shape of the oak-pruner. This is a worm which eats up the limbs of oak-trees, until finally the limbs drop off. Since it operates unseen, from the inside, there is no way of checking it known as yet; but of course it has its natural enemies. This is true of all destructive bugs and worms, each of which in turn would overrun the world were it not got the better of by the birds, insects, and especially by the parasites which nature creates to offset it. H. C. M.

## NEW ORLEANS.

The summer exodus from New Orleans, which began lively enough in June, has become so brisk since July opened that New Orleans has already lost one-fifth of its population, more than ever before at this time. A favorite but strange excuse given for this general going away is the hard times. Every line of trade is so dull in New Orleans just at present that it will scarcely pay a business man to remain here during the summer, and many of them have concluded that it is just as well to idle away their time at some watering-place—where it costs little—as in the city. There ought to be no complaint of a dearth of men at those summer resorts patronized by Orleaneans.

The cyclists, who have abandoned all idea of getting good roads in any other way, are asking to have their bicycles taxed, the money to be used exclusively for road improvement. There are twenty miles of good roadway in New Orleans, but all the roads running out of town end in swamps, and cycling becomes somewhat monotonous in consequence. The cyclists believe that if they can once inaugurate good roads in Louisiana, where they are practically unknown, they will soon become popular; and they are willing to tax themselves to give the movement a good start-off.

After ten years' trial of a Sunday law in New Orleans, it has been decided to abandon it as impracticable. During these ten years, however, the law has been enforced only three months, and that spasmodically, a couple of Sundays at the time. The city officials have testified unanimously against the law, saying that it took the entire police force to support it, and that in the criminal courts the murder and other more important cases have been crowded from the docket by the immense number of Sunday-law violations. A Sunday law—such is the general verdict—is impracticable in a community where only twenty per cent. of the population is Anglo-Saxon, and less than one per cent. of New England stock.

Professor Beyli's exploration of the Catahoula mounds, conducted under the auspices of Tulane University and the Louisiana Historical Society, has been so eminently successful that the work is to be continued. His excavations were confined to four mounds, recently discovered, on Lake Larto, but his excursions into the neighboring swamps disclosed the fact that they were full of similar mounds, most of them larger, the town of Troy being built on a score of them. The excavations prove that the mound-builders were a peaceful fisher-folk, enjoying considerable civilization but having very few weapons, and these evidently brought from a distance, who sought refuge in the Louisiana swamps from the more warlike tribes around them, and built the mounds as a protection from the overflow of the Mississippi. Enough was secured in the way of skeletons, pottery—some of it pictured—household utensils, etc., to well stock a museum, and Tulane is so well satisfied that it will try some of the larger mounds, in the hope of finding whence the Catahoula mound-dwellers came, and what was their previous history.

For two weeks past a bicycle war has raged in New Orleans between the cyclers and the police. As a majority of the streets are unpaved and badly lighted, and therefore dangerous at night, the patrons of the wheel were authorized by the City Council to use the sidewalks after midnight where the streets were in "bad condition." This proviso, leaving it to the police to decide what are bad streets, and several other vague sections of the law have given rise to "a comedy of errors." The police in each precinct put a different interpretation to the law; and the cyclers safe in one part of the city are arrested in another district. Most of the police have got the idea in their heads, in consequence of several recent serious bicycle accidents, that a violation of the cycling ordinance is a high felony, and they are not only arresting its violators, but locking them up in solitary confinement, so that cycling is becoming a rather risky business in some parts of the city. The cyclers have appealed to the courts to pass on and interpret the law, so that they can know exactly what their rights are, so as to stop the wholesale arrests.

The negroes of New Orleans, who number 75,000, or about one-fourth of the whole population, have filed petitions with the several railroads to provide them with some park or picnic-grounds where they can go of an evening. The public parks are legally open to them, but the race prejudice is so strong that very few venture to go there. For the past few years Spanish Fort, where General Jackson entered New Orleans, has been their chief resort; but this summer it was thrown open to the whites, and consequently closed to colored people. "Little Woods" has followed suit, and the negroes have now nowhere to go. They point out that even in slavery days they had their special park set apart for them by the whites, and which still bears the name of "Congo Square." It has been rechristened Place d'Armes and Beauregard Place, but all in vain. It is still "Congo Square," in spite of all the city ordinances, and the fact that the Congo negroes were crowded out a half-century ago. One of the railroads and some leading negroes are now looking for a quiet, secluded spot that can be used as a colored Coney Island. N. W.

## THE ANCIENTS IN ENGLAND.

The remarkable reception which the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston has met with in England has made it necessary for the fellow-citizens of the members of that remarkable organization to inform themselves about it. There are three military companies in Boston which hold relations of special intimacy with the commonwealth of Massachusetts. They are the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the First Corps of Cadets, and the National Lancers. The special function of the Lancers is to escort the Governor of Massachusetts out to Harvard College on Commencement day. The Cadets are the Governor's escort on most other occasions.

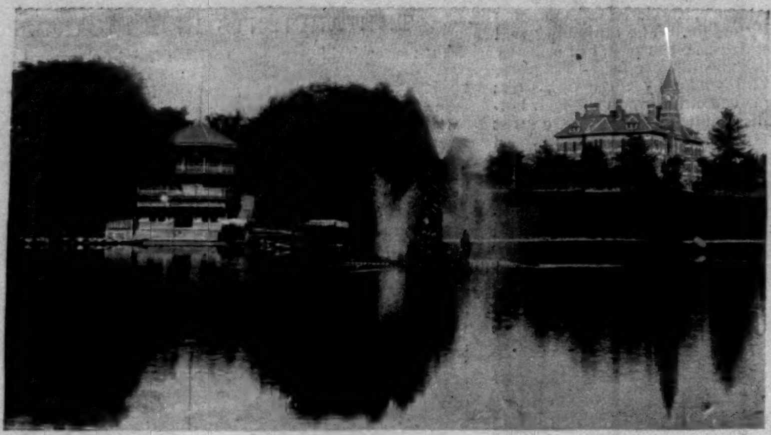
The chief military duty of the Ancients is to have an annual parade, a sermon, and a dinner. The Cadets date from about 1740. The Ancients were organized in 1637, and were patterned after the Honorable Artillery Company of London. Neither their antiquity nor their respectability can be questioned. Governor Long speaks of them in the Memorial History of Boston as an organization "in whose ranks have marched governors, senators, judges, and generals, and whose officers are to this day invested with the badges of their authority by the governor in person." The Ancients had 179 commanders between 1638 and 1880. The list of them includes most of the famous names in Massachusetts history—Sewall, Storer, Sedgwick, Winthrop, Wendell, Stoughton, Brimmer, Lyman, Savage, and a long string of others. Three times the history of the organization has been written and printed, so that its glories are matters on record, and their dimensions easily ascertained.

A year or more ago the Ancients determined to accept the invitation of the Honorable Artillery Company of London to visit that city. They made their plans, and adhered to them calmly but strenuously through the disturbance which followed Mr. Cleveland's message last December. It looked at one time as though they might go to London in a war-ship, but happily they were able to follow their original intentions in all particulars, and when they embarked, on June 30, it was on the *Servia*, which they chartered from the Cunard Company for their excursion. The ceremonies of their departure were impressive. The command gathered at Faneuil Hall, marched to the Boston State-house, escorted by six companies of State troops, and were met by the Governor, who stood with his staff at the State-house gate, a glorious spectacle. Governor Wolcott made them an address, and placed in the hands of Colonel Henry Walker, their commander, a new stand of colors, including the stars and stripes and the white banner of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Colonel Walker in reply assured the Governor that the Ancients intended to do themselves proud by their behavior abroad. Then they marched off and got aboard the *Servia*, accompanied by a hundred and fifty of their wives and daughters, and sailed straightway out of the port, amid the cheers of their friends, the shrieking of steam-whistles, and the booming of cannon from Fort Warren.

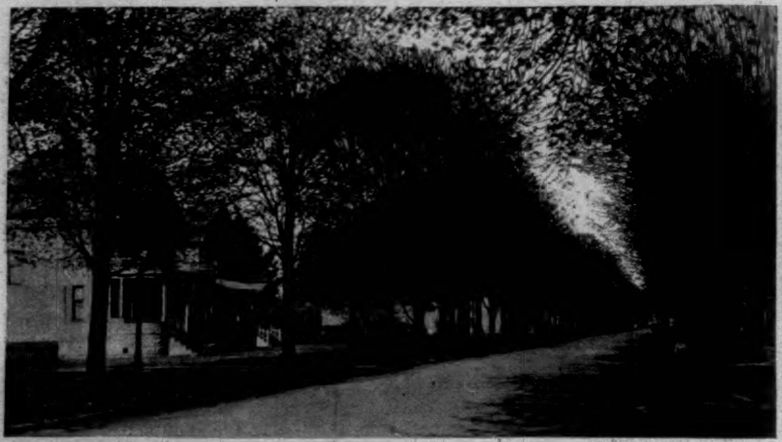
They should have reached Liverpool on the 6th, but the *Servia* was slow, and didn't get there till the 7th, and late in the day at that. Fifty thousand people, eight brass bands, and all the military companies in Liverpool were waiting to receive them when they did land, but they were so late that they had to hurry away on their train to keep their engagements in London. They got to London about nine o'clock at night on Tuesday, July 7. The London Artillery Company, their hosts, and the organization from which they got their name, were waiting to receive them, and carried them off in thirty omnibuses to the Finsbury Barracks. Their reception is stated to have been the most enthusiastic ever given to Americans in London. The omnibuses that carried them were followed as they passed by continuous cheering and the waving of hats. They dined that night at Finsbury Barracks with 600 of the London company and its friends. Colonel Lockhead, of the Royal Artillery, presided, backed by the Earl of Denbigh, Prince Christian Victor, and other dignitaries. There was much speech-making, in cordial and hospitable strain, and an invitation was conveyed to the company from the Queen to visit her at Windsor Castle. Next day the Ancients went to Aldershot to see a review. Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, and other British officers of high rank met them at the station, and showed them distinguished military courtesies. They were welcomed to the camp by the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son, who is chief in command at Aldershot. After the review the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, entertained them at the Officers' Club.

That evening the visitors gave a banquet to their entertainers at the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant. Besides the Ancients there were 500 guests, including the Prince of Wales, the American Ambassador, the Duke of Connaught, the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Consul-General Collins, Mr. Depew, and lots of other eminent people. Colonel Walker proposed the Queen's health; the Prince of Wales responded, and toasted the President. Colonel Walker proposed the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince responded again. Many toasts were drunk and much was said by Ambassador Bayard, Mr. Depew, and many other good men, and on both sides the sentiment found abundant and enthusiastic expression that friendly and cordial relations might always obtain between Americans and British.

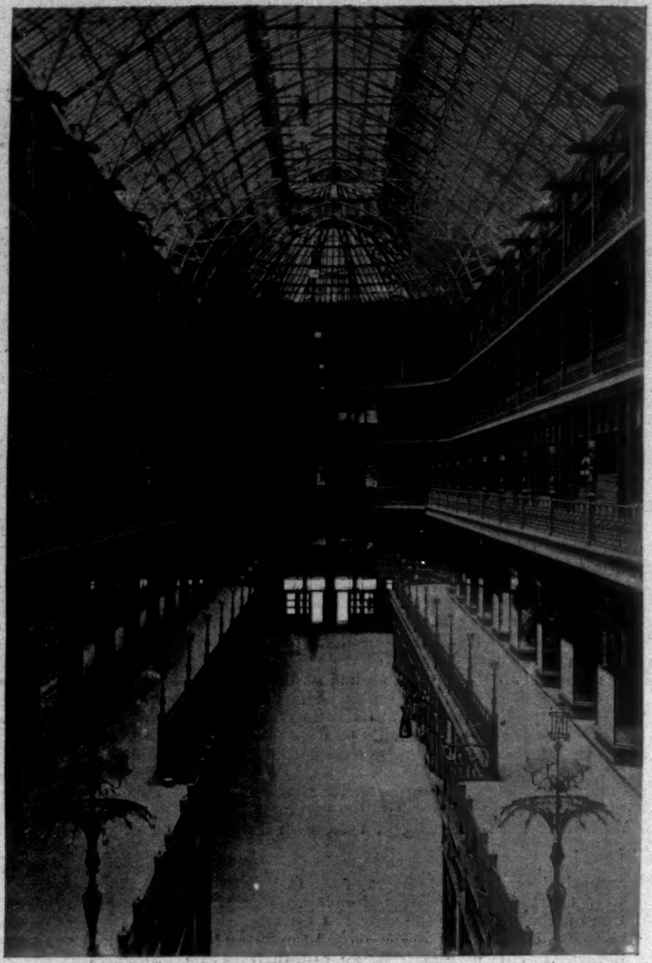
The list of the further attentions that have been shown our countrymen in London is too long to set down in detail. The Queen has entertained them at Windsor; the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. They have hobnobbed with royalties and nobilities; crowds have cheered them; nothing has been left undone to demonstrate the desire of the British authorities and the British people to show the friendliness of their sentiment towards the Americans. After four days of elaborate entertainments the Ancients got out of their uniforms, reverted for a season to private life, and most of them ran away to Paris, where they doubtless found the rest and recreation that they must have needed. Soon now Boston will be welcoming them home again, and a great welcome they will get, for their trip has been so phenomenally successful that it promises to take rank as a momentous international event, and Boston is proud of her sons and glad she let them go.



LAKE IN WADE PARK—ADELBERT COLLEGE IN THE BACKGROUND.



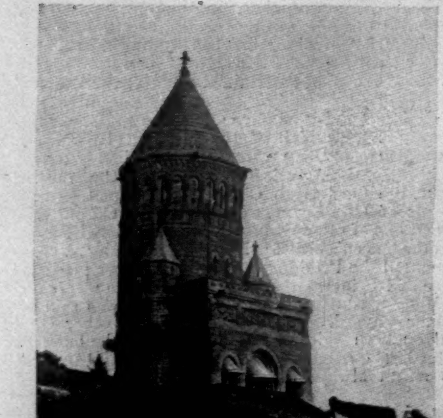
DENNISON AVENUE.



INTERIOR OF THE ARCADE, LOOKING TOWARD SUPERIOR STREET ENTRANCE.

ALONG THE RIVER-FRONT.

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE—COURT-HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.



GARFIELD MEMORIAL, IN LAKE VIEW CEMETERY.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE.

COMMODORE PERRY'S MONUMENT, IN WADE PARK.

THE FOREST CITY'S CENTENNIAL—SCENES IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

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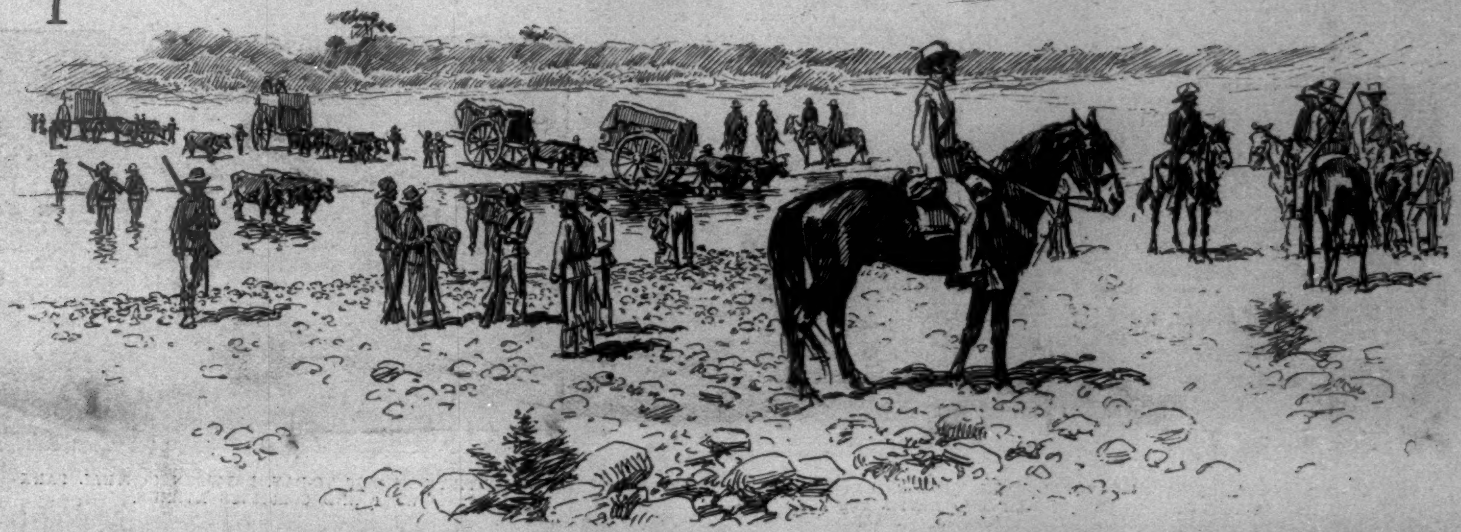

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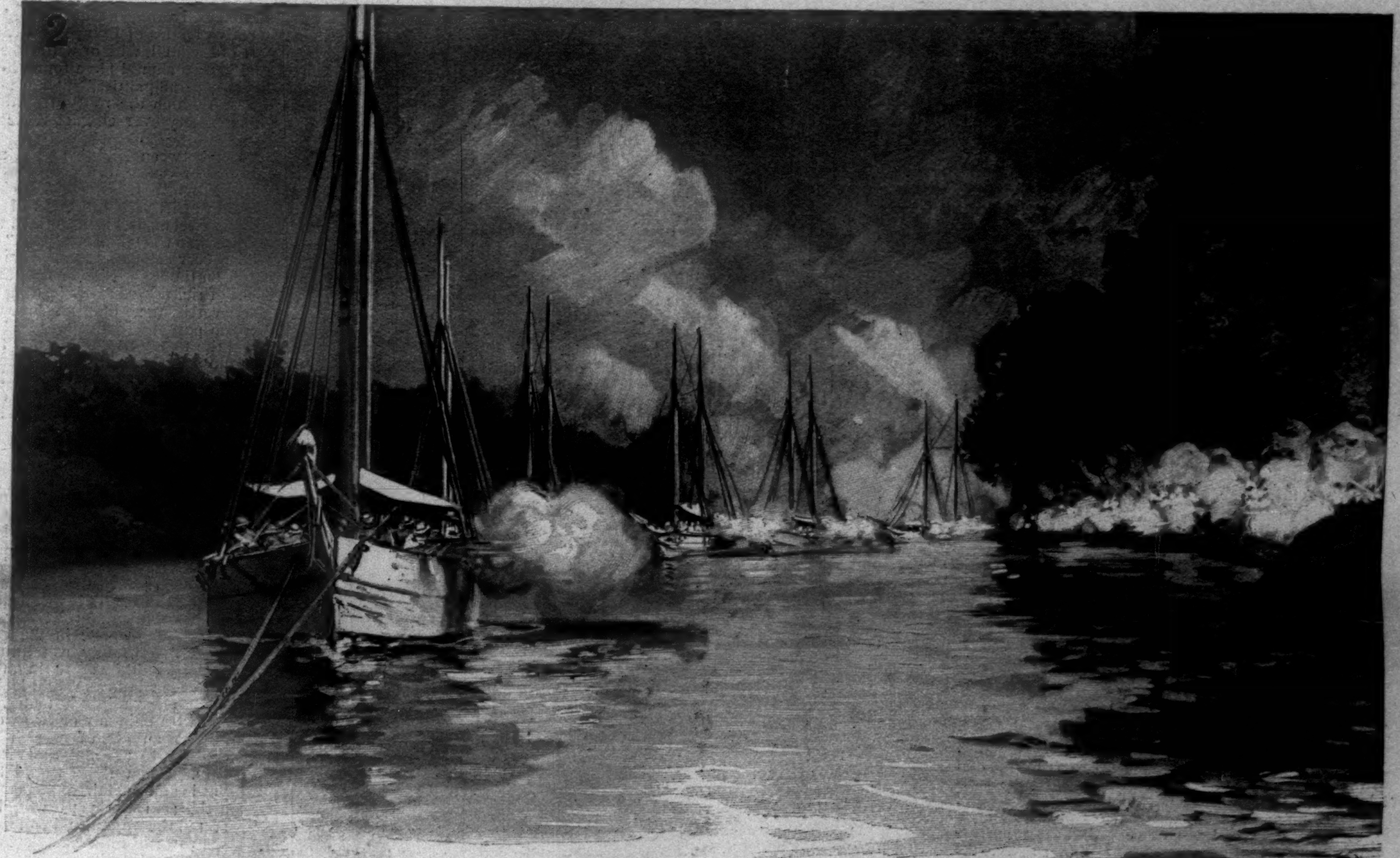

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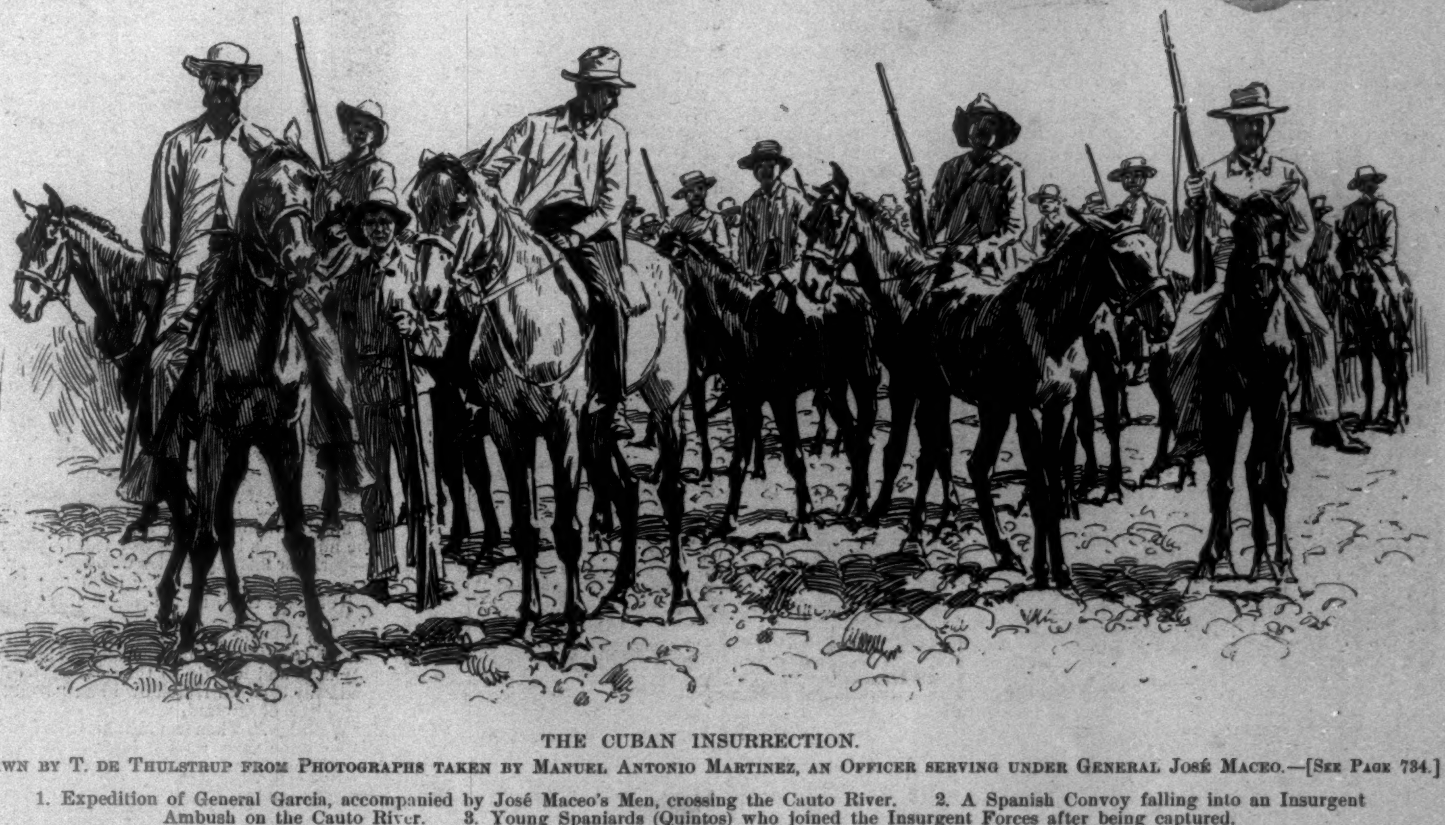
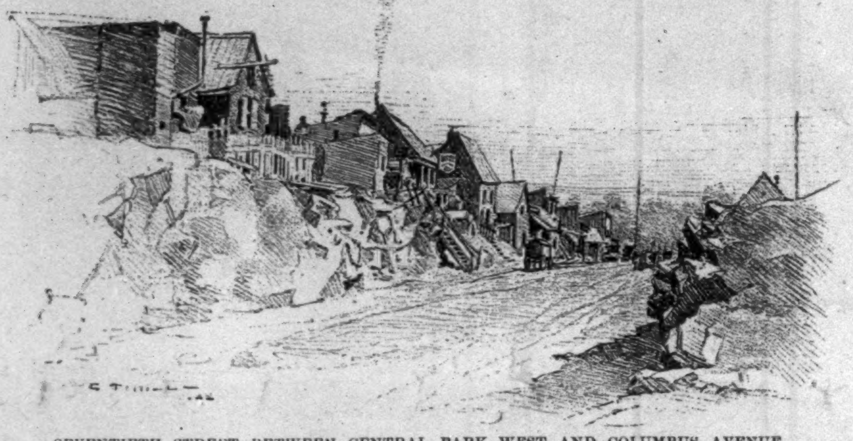


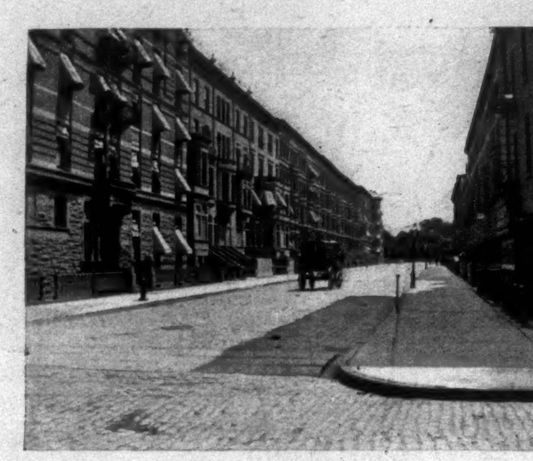
THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs taken by Manuel Antonio Martinez, an Officer serving under General José Maceo.—[See Page 734.]

1. Expedition of General Garcia, accompanied by José Maceo's Men, crossing the Cauto River. 2. A Spanish Convoy falling into an Insurgent Ambush on the Cauto River. 3. Young Spaniards (Quintos) who joined the Insurgent Forces after being captured.



SEVENTIETH STREET BETWEEN CENTRAL PARK WEST AND COLUMBUS AVENUE IN 1882, THEN KNOWN AS EIGHTH AND NINTH AVENUES.



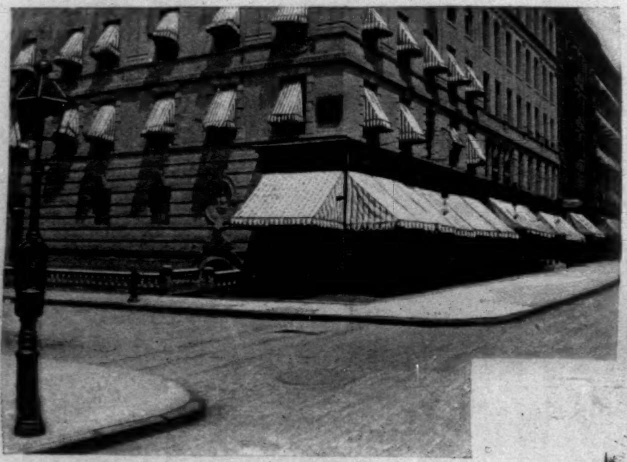
SEVENTIETH STREET TO-DAY, BETWEEN CENTRAL PARK WEST AND COLUMBUS AVENUE.

# THE GROWTH OF THE UPPER WEST SIDE OF NEW YORK.

Illustrated with Sketches by the Author and from Photographs.

BY C. T. HILL.

THE many marked and decided architectural changes in New York city within the past ten years have afforded ample opportunity for interesting observations by those who find it a pleasing study to note the growth and development of a large city. In no city in the United States, perhaps, excepting Chicago, have so many rapid and notable improvements taken place within the same time.



CORNER OF EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET AND COLUMBUS AVENUE TO-DAY.

Old landmarks in the lower part of the metropolis and architectural remnants of the Colonial period have disappeared, to give place to huge office buildings that rear themselves skyward seemingly with no limit; and viewed from the bridge or from the bay, the city presents a vast collection of chimneylike edifices studded with rows of windows, representing thousands and thousands of offices. One wonders at the almost miraculous construction that sustains such tons of masonry, not to consider the added weight of the armies of people who swarm in these beehives of trade during business hours.

Perhaps nowhere in New York have more noticeable changes taken place within the period mentioned than in that portion of the city lying west of Central Park and extending north of Fifty-ninth Street and up town to 110th Street.

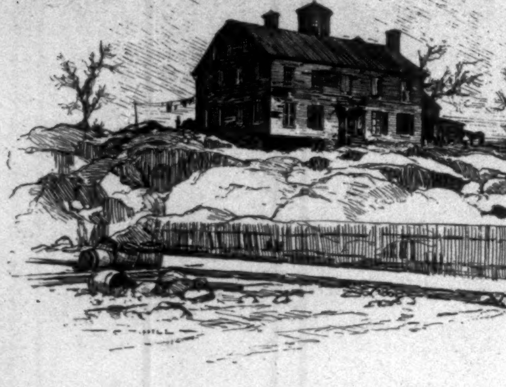
This territory, once a desert of rocks and shanties, half-opened and unimproved streets, with here and there a relic or two of Colonial grandeur, has undergone a transformation that seems to the average citizen or to an old inhabitant of the neighborhood almost incredible.

Rocks and shanties, farm gardens and orchards, the wrecks of Revolutionary mansions and innumerable alleged "Washington's Headquarters," have all made way for streets full of modern dwelling-houses of the most improved type, or for flats or apartment-houses of all styles and methods of construction. And all this practically within the past ten years.

Why this locality was so long neglected in the march of improvement seems a mystery. No doubt the lack of adequate means of transit to the business portion of the city had much to do with keeping back its development as a place of residence for the masses, since before the erection of the elevated roads the modes of conveyance to lower New York were of a primitive and provincial character.

In 1868, and even until 1870, the Eighth Avenue horse-car line ran a single car as far as Eighty-fourth Street, and this car returned on the same track at long intervals; and prior to that, in 1853, the only means of communication with downtown was by means of the old Bloomingdale stage that ran—every hour!

Even with the completion of the elevated road, and its extension to 125th Street and beyond, the overflow from the crowded city districts below seems to drift further north, settling in upper Harlem, in and around Mount Morris Park, and over towards Third Avenue. It was not until the latter part of the '70s, or, more definitely speaking, about 1877 or 1878, that the cyclone of improvement struck this section and began to lay waste its historic landmarks, its country lanes and orchards, and to substitute the less picturesque but more profitable flat-houses.



AT EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET AND COLUMBUS AVENUE IN 1892, SHOWING THE OLD "PEST-HOUSE."

Meanwhile the "squatter" and the German farm-gardener had not been blind to the advantages that this region presented for their respective modes of living; and each had pre-empted some part of the land, with or without the owners' permission. In 1880 we should have found here many collections of shanty "principalities," interspersed with rolling farm-gardens, in which the rows of garden-truck were laid out with a nicety ever characteristic of the indefatigable German.

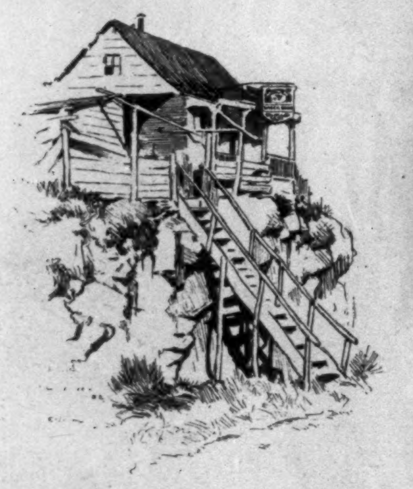
In 1882 Seventieth Street between Eighth and Ninth avenues was the main street or centre of a congeries of squatters known as "Dutchtown." Of course this class was scattered all the way from Fifty-ninth Street to Harlem, but in "Dutchtown" they seemed to have formed the nucleus of a village, and this was the "business part." It boasted a few shops and a beer saloon or two. One of these saloons, perched high on the rocky side of the unimproved street, with a flight of rickety old stairs leading up to it, and the seductive advertisement of some brewery swinging to and fro over the porch, was characterized by a quaintness suggestive of the merry Switzer; and a few goats grouped in picturesque poses near by lent verisimilitude to the illusion—an illusion that was, however, quickly dispelled, both by the strong odor of corned beef and cabbage issuing from the adjacent shanties, and by the forcible remarks made in a marked Milesian accent by the occupants of one shanty to their neighbors in another.

The occupants of these hovels were for the most part ragmen, ashmen, milkmen, common laborers, and thugs—or worse. Their live-stock comprised goats and pigs—with a profusion of the former and a scarcity of the latter.

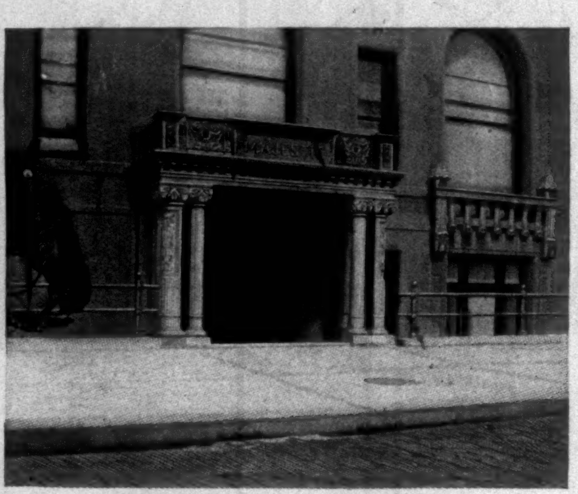
HOUSES IN EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD "PEST-HOUSE."

Occasionally would be found one shanty better than the others, and bearing more semblance to a dwelling. This was usually the home of some relatively important personage in the community—possibly a milkman. There would be more tin on the roof, the windows would look as though they might be mates, and an extra chimney or two would impart an air of wealth and comfort to the ambitious structure. Then there would be a yard and a fairly respectable stable; in the yard would be stored the wagon, and you would see rows of milk-cans drying in the sun. In the garden-patch would appear the inevitable crop of sunflowers; and though all the shanties had their sunflowers, yet somehow, the milkman's looked cleaner and brighter than the others—perhaps this superiority was imaginary. On the whole, you would make up your mind that this was the "castle" of some important factor in this squatter community.

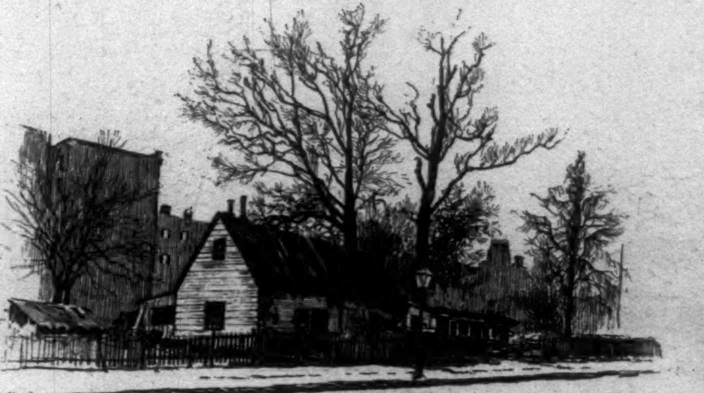
There was another settlement of squatters further up town, at about Seventy-ninth Street, which was known as "Shantyhill," and a little to the southeast of this, just about midway between Dutchtown and "Shantyhill," on a rising piece of ground, was still another collection, called "Wallhigh." Then from Eighty-fourth to Ninetieth Street one came upon a more interesting locality, filled with many buildings of Colonial origin—mansions that

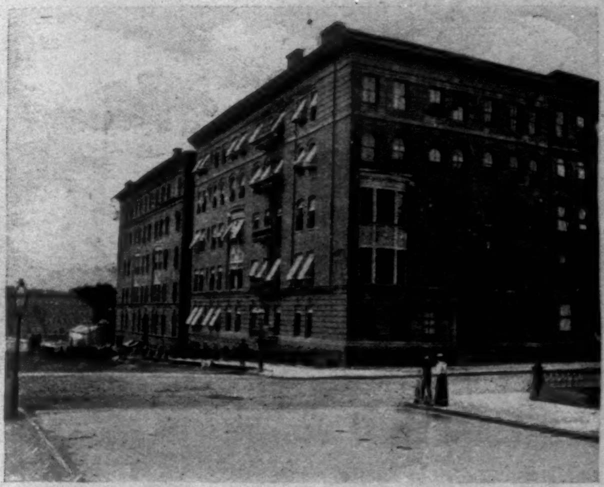


A DUTCHTOWN "CAFÉ" IN 1882, SEVENTIETH ST., BETWEEN EIGHTH AND NINTH AVENUES.



ENTRANCE TO CAFÉ TO-DAY—HOTEL MAJESTIC.

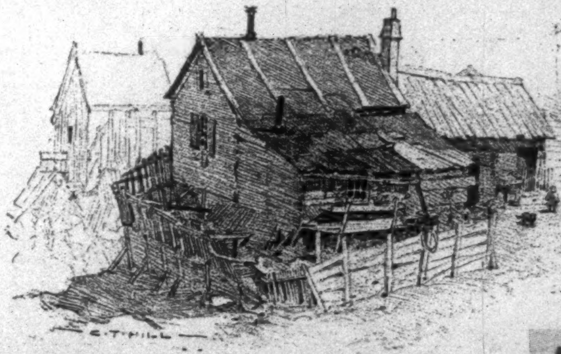

MANHATTAN AVENUE BETWEEN ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SECOND AND ONE-HUNDRED-AND-THIRD STREETS IN 1893.


MANHATTAN AVENUE BETWEEN ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SECOND AND ONE-HUNDRED-AND-THIRD STREETS TO-DAY.

with their gardens and orchards lined the Bloomingdale Road a hundred years ago.

Eighty-fourth Street west of Columbus Avenue retained its primitive simplicity up to a recent date. In 1892 it still contained rows of old-fashioned dwellings probably a half-century old, extending from Columbus Avenue to the Western Boulevard. They were substantial-looking houses built high up from the street, and had tastefully arranged gardens in front, and a profusion of old cherry-trees that in the spring made this old street a mass of snowy white blossoms.

When we look down this street to-day, and see the rows of severe apartment-houses completely filling both sides, we can scarcely realize that three years have brought about such a change. On this same street, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Western Boulevard, or perhaps on the high ground midway between Eighty-third and Eighty-fourth streets, stood, in 1890, the wreck of the old home of Edgar Allan Poe. It is claimed that here he wrote the immortal "Raven," but this distinction is likewise claimed for the old Poe house in Fordham; and in comparison with the modern dwellings now found in that neighborhood, the details of the old house are of special interest.



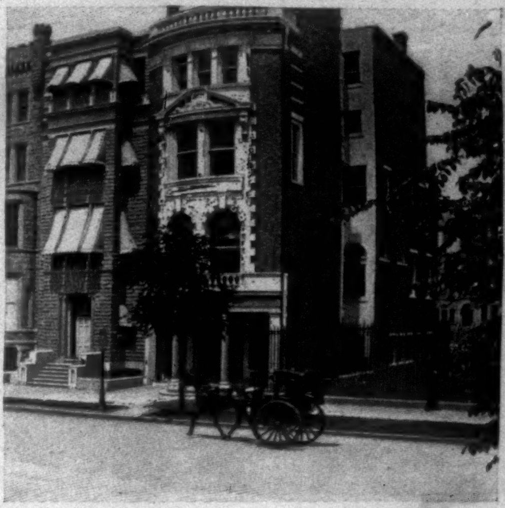
SHANTIES NEAR THE DAKOTA FLATS IN 1882—SEVENTY-SECOND STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE.

The finish of the interior was of primitive character; split laths covered the rough-hewn beams, the plaster on the walls was between two and three inches thick, and the plankings on the floors had been split with an axe There was one immense chimney and fireplace, and an oven big enough to roast a side of beef. This house was occupied for a long time in later years by Mrs. Brennan, mother of Thomas Brennan, at one time Street-Cleaning Commissioner of the city.

Some four blocks above this, passengers on the west-side elevated road, as late as 1892, might have noticed, perched high on a mass of rocks at the northwest corner of Eighty-eighth Street and Columbus Avenue, one of those hip-roofed relics of a bygone period. It was then in a very dilapidated condition, but still bore its age with so dignified an air that one felt it must have a history.

About thirty or forty years ago it was known as the old Clarkson farm, for that part of Manhattan Island was in those days country indeed, and farm land and orchards stretched from river to river. Tradition has it that this old house was at one time General Lafayette's headquarters, but authorities question this, claiming that there was no occasion for him to have been in the neighborhood, the military operations that took place here having occurred prior to his arrival in this country. It was also said to have been a pest-house for the city in the early part of this century, when the city was below Fifty-ninth Street; but this statement finds many doubters among the old residents of that section, and lacks sufficient confirmation.

It was known to have been renovated in 1870 by a man named Dimmock for a poor class of tenants, and after that it entered upon a process of degeneration, and at the time it was torn down, in 1892, was inhabited by some Italian laborers.


MANSIONS NEAR THE DAKOTA FLATS TO-DAY.

Still another old structure that stood until a recent date was the old farm-house (or part of it, for some of it was cut off when the old Bloomingdale Road was widened and made into the Western Boulevard) at the northwest corner of Sixty-sixth Street and the Boulevard. This was occupied some forty or fifty years ago by a French family named Norden, and under the trees of the old peach orchard that extended well to the south along the Bloomingdale Road the elder Norden gave dinners that were attended by great numbers of the French families from lower New York—dinners that are probably still fresh in the memory of some of our old French residents.

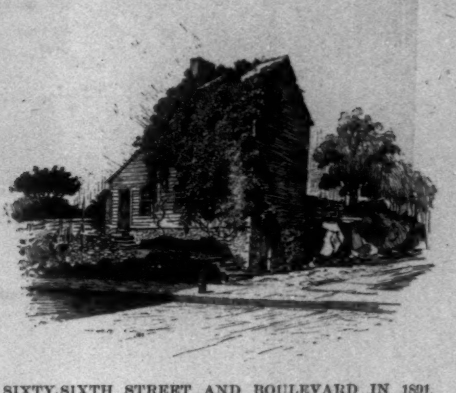
In this same neighborhood dwelt the Wilsons, Jaspers, Holmeses, and other old families, members of which, scattered all over the city to-day, can still remember when the Bloomingdale Road was the principal thoroughfare above Fifty-ninth Street, and of visits paid from one family to another across lots and over fences on the very ground where now stand some of New York's finest buildings.

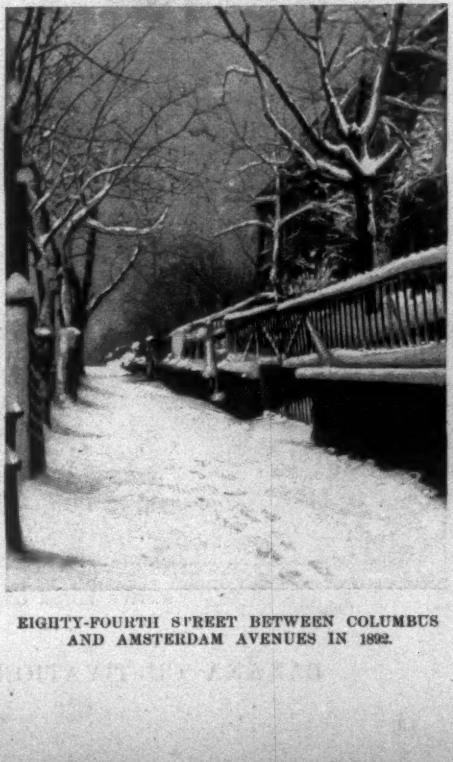
It is barely two years since the block from 102d Street to 103d Street, on the west side of Manhattan Avenue, was an unimproved lot, with a few dead and half-dead trees whose gnarled and twisted limbs gave scant shade to a picturesque shanty—a low rambling structure with all manner of sheds attached, and possessing all the elements of a miniature farm. In the summer-time a few sheep were tethered to one side, and allowed to browse on the sparsely grown grass and shrubs at the 102d Street corner, and at the other end of the dwelling, in a small stable—practically part of the shanty itself—were a few cows and a horse; a goat ambled about with a blasé air, and fowls of various kinds perched themselves on the gables and roofs of the sheds.

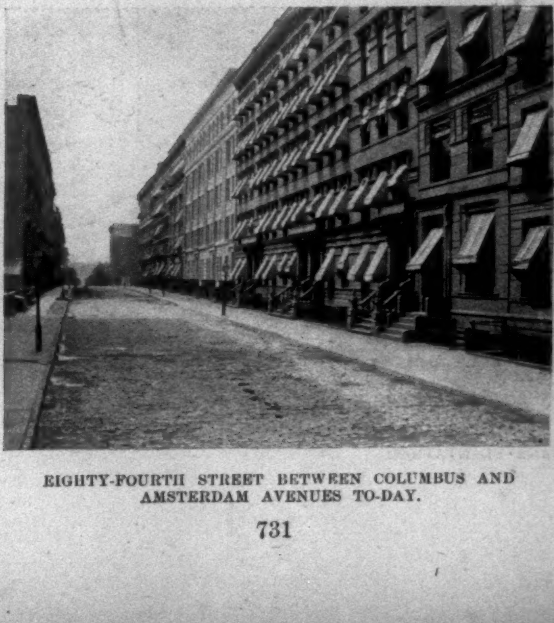
It was inhabited at the time by a queer old character with a wooden leg, who hobbled about, followed by a woolly dog of an uninviting appearance. He had hung up, or scattered over the grounds, a great variety of "junk," from a plough to a barrel hoop; and behind the shanty was a collection of broken-down and obsolete wagons, the favorite roosting-place of his fowls. It was one of the sights of the neighborhood, and it is impossible to imagine a more quaint, picturesque, and at the same time dirtier place than this was.

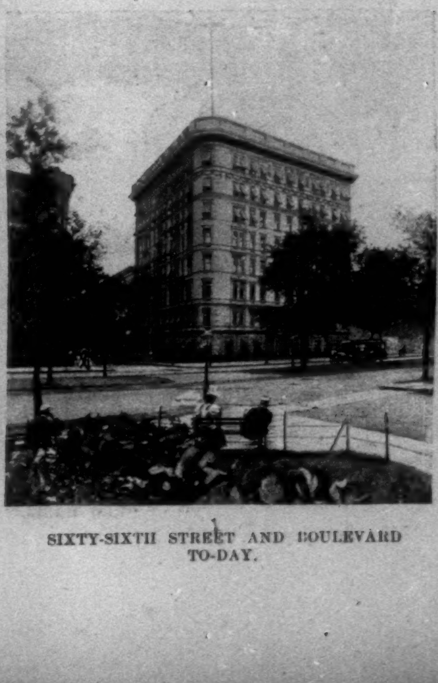
There are to-day, within less than two years' time—the accompanying sketch was made in the winter of 1893—on this very site, two substantially built and imposing-looking apartment houses, as the shanty was torn down in the following spring to break ground for the new buildings.

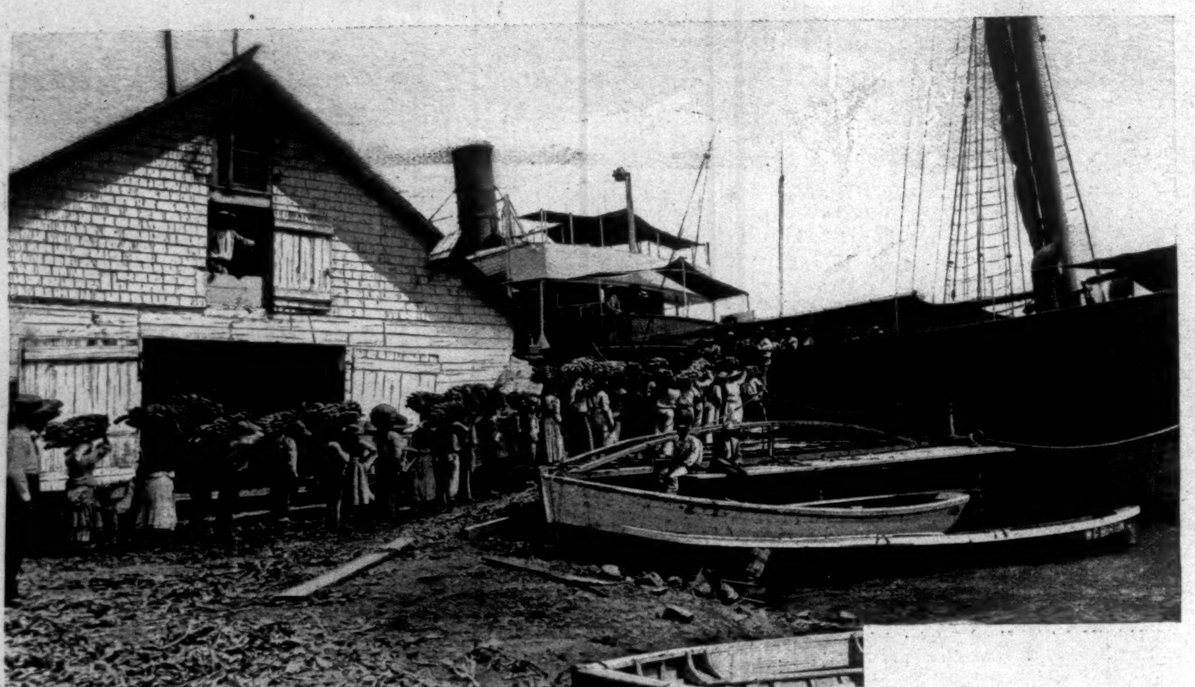
The increase in real-estate values in this part of the city is as remarkable as the changes that have taken place themselves. Speculators have doubled and trebled on their


SIXTY-SIXTH STREET AND BOULEVARD IN 1891.


EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET BETWEEN COLUMBUS AND AMSTERDAM AVENUES IN 1892.


EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET BETWEEN COLUMBUS AND AMSTERDAM AVENUES TO-DAY.


SIXTY-SIXTH STREET AND BOULEVARD TO-DAY.



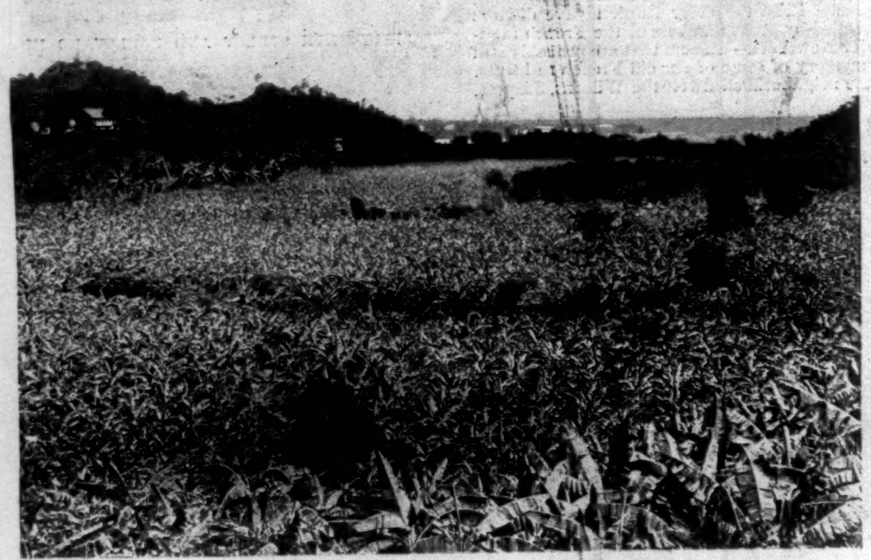
LOADING BANANAS AT PORT ANTONIO—STEAMSHIP "BANAN" FOR BOSTON.

BANANA-WOMEN.

BRINGING BANANAS TO THE WHARF, PO

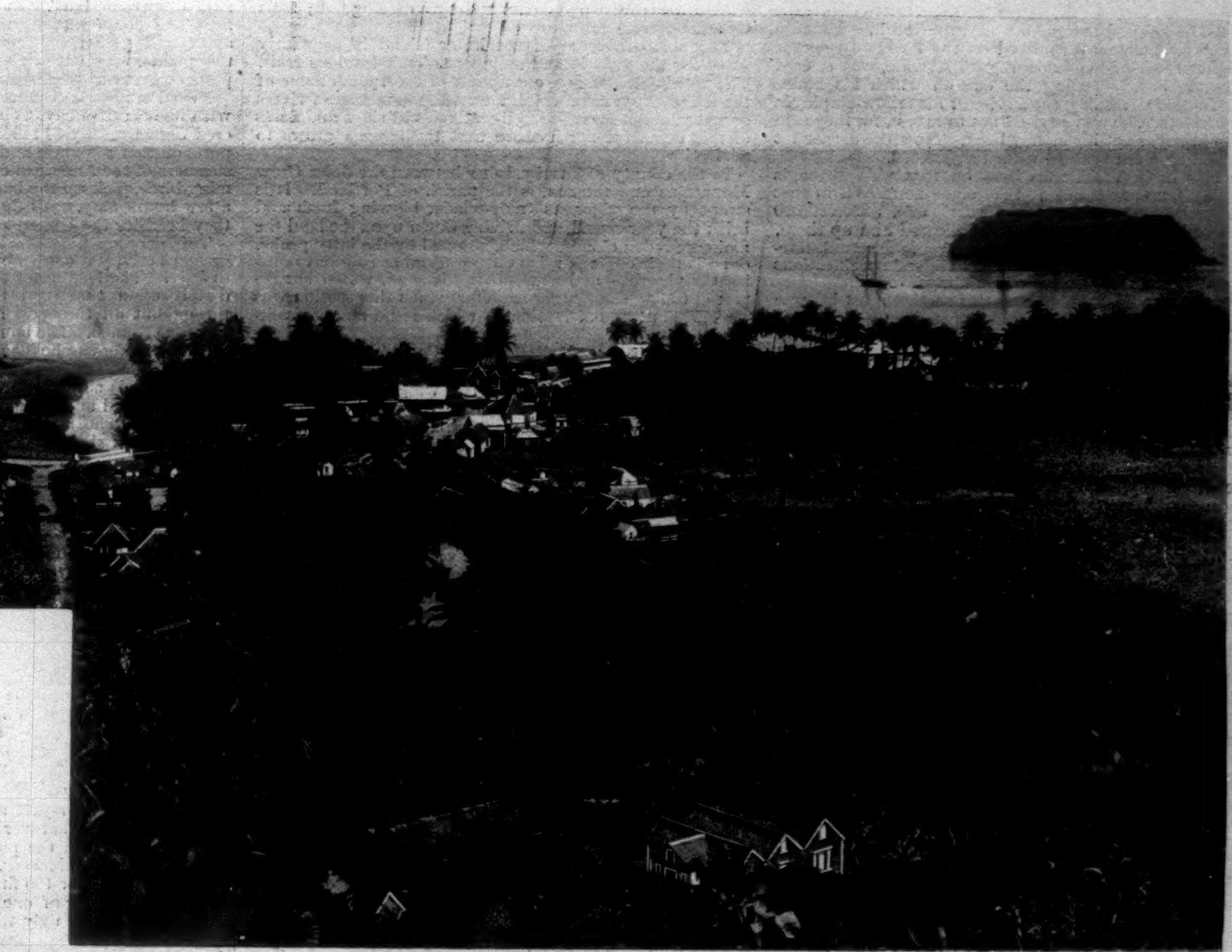
WHARVES AT PORT ANTONIO.

NATIVE HOUSE ON A BANANA PLA

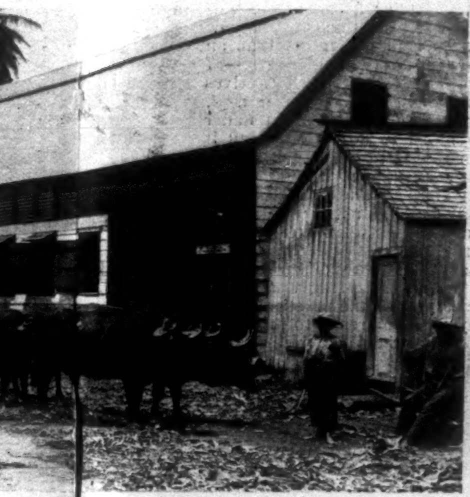


"RED HAZEL" BANANA PLANTATION.

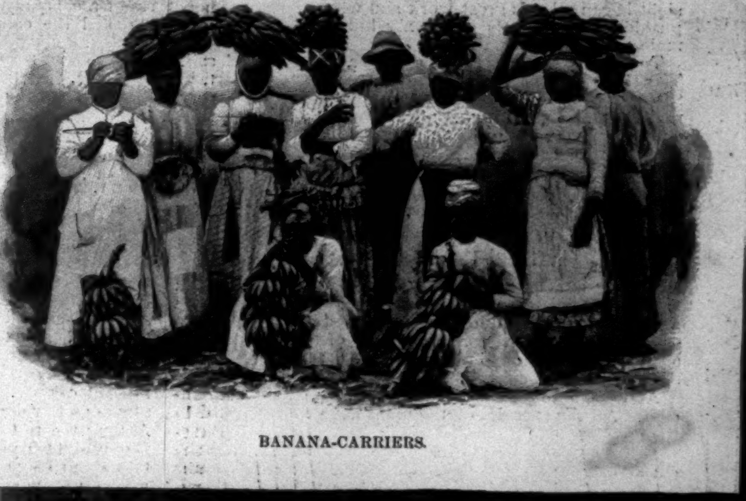
BANANA CULTIVATION ON THE



PORT MARIA—PARISH OF ST. MARY.



F, PORT ANTONIO.



BANANA-CARRIERS.

PLANTATION.

BANANA AND COCOANUT VALLEY, ORA CABESSA—PARISH OF ST. MARY.

E ISLAND OF JAMAICA.—[See Page 734.]

investments within ten years. A single instance will show how wonderfully the value of property has increased in this locality.

In 1865 a colored man who was employed in a tea-store downtown, and who then lived on the northwest corner of Eighty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue, was offered thirty-nine lots, including the one on which his house stood, for $900. Asking the advice of his fellow-employés in the tea-store, he was advised not to invest, for they said he would never get his money back. Now the corner lot on which he lived is alone valued at $35,000.

General E. G. Viele, who lives on Riverside Drive, is authority for the statement that since he moved in that neighborhood, some seventeen years ago, $200,000,000 worth of bricks and masonry has followed him up there. This is no idle guess-work, but taken from the actual statements of the architects' plans and builders' specifications recorded in the Department of Buildings.

There can be no question that this section must become in time the most exclusive part of the city, the home of the wealthier classes of New York. Even to-day it would be difficult to find a prettier street view than West End Avenue presents looking north from Seventy-second Street, with its rows of handsome homes embracing every form of architecture from the Romanesque to the Dutch and Italian Renaissance.

A number of tenement-houses have been erected in and around 100th Street and Columbus Avenue, and real-estate values have gone down considerably thereabouts in consequence; but they occupy a small percentage of the area, and the rest of the property is so restricted that there is small probability of many more dwellings of that character being erected.

Meanwhile the improvement continues. Ground is broken every day for new buildings, and others are being completed rapidly. The old landmarks are fast disappearing. A few are still left, but their days are numbered.

## THE GRAND ARMY AND THE SCULPTORS.

### A REVERSED INCIDENT.

The Society of Sculptors on a time got in a fight,  
So they asked some old Grand Army men to see they did it right;  
And the country's brave defenders sent a martial commit*tee*,  
Whose decision was that Party "A" was licked by Party "B."

This judgment Party "A" with jeers and lofty scorn derided,  
And that they'd not be bound by it with promptitude decided;  
And they brought a lot of artists and a Quakeress or two,  
Who said they would unquestionably uphold them in their view.

The G. A. R., when Party "A's" weird action was reported,  
Upon their brave hind legs rose up and positively snorted.  
"Not licked?" they cried. "Well, that's a joke! But when we soldiers say  
That folks are licked, they're licked clean through, b' gosh! and licked to stay.

"And since these statuary dudes are lingering in doubt  
Of what constitutes a licking, why, they'll pretty soon find out;  
For when folks ask our opinion, that opinion's got to go,  
Which same to Party 'A' we'll now forthwith proceed to show."

Then with grim determination did those mighty men of war  
With the fragments of the sculptors sweep the sanguinary floor;  
"Oh, we're not experts in sculpting," cried the martial commit*tee*,  
"But when it comes to fighting, why, we know our business, see!"

Walker Aken.

## THE BANANA.

Steam has brought the tropics to our doors and made the banana, only a few years ago a luxury, one of the commonest of fruits. Few realize, however, that with the plantain, of which the banana is only a variety, it is the chief sustenance of a greater portion of the human race than that to which bread is the staff of life. Its tender shoots are cooked as greens; its stalk yields a valuable fibre which is woven into textile fabrics, twisted into rope, and manufactured into paper. It made possible Stanley's march through "Darkest Africa." "It is the most productive of the fruits of the earth," and it has been calculated that the area which will produce thirty-three pounds of wheat will yield forty-four hundred pounds of bananas or plantains, and it is stated that ground which, if sown in wheat, will feed one man for a year, will, if planted in bananas, support twenty-five men for the same period.

Originating in the Malay Peninsula, it has spread all over the earth. It is one of the oldest of the cultivated fruits. Its image is found among the sculptured inscriptions of Egypt. It preceded Columbus to the New World, and the generic name given to the plantain is *Musa paradisiaca*, because it was supposed that it was this fruit, and not the apple, that Eve saw "was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, and she took of the fruit and did eat."

It has been so long tilled by man that it is practically seedless, and reproduces itself by shoots, so that it may be said, without exaggeration, that the banana-trees, which now flourish in our conservatories, are the very plants that grew thousands of years ago in the gardens of unknown races, under the tropic sun of far-distant Malaya.

The regular importation of the banana into the United States, commencing only about thirty-five years ago, has grown from a trade of very small beginnings to be one of size and importance, from a few hundred thousand bunches annually to a yearly import of 15,000,000 bunches. The fruit comes principally from Central America and the West Indies; from the banks of M. de Lesseps's ditch at Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama; from Port Limon in Costa Rica; from Blewfields on the Mosquito Coast, the scene of our recent misunderstanding with England; from Cuba, and from Jamaica.

The northern coast of the latter island is peculiarly fitted for the growth and shipment of this luscious fruit. The word Jamaica is a corruption of the Indian name of the island, Xaymaca, which meant an abundance of rivers or water, and it is on the well-watered hill-sides and fields of this beautiful north shore that the banana grows to perfection.

In the county of Surrey, lying between the John Crow Mountains and the sea, is the parish of Portland. It is swept by the vigorous trade-winds, blowing fresh and brisk the year round, and driving down upon the land the moisture-laden clouds, which, stopped by the lofty peaks, deposit their copious rains on the teeming soil and nourish the vigorous and water-loving banana, which has replaced the fields of sugar-cane for which this section was famous, and the cultivation of which is no longer profitable.

The parish seat of Portland is Port Antonio, which looks out on a tiny landlocked harbor, whose deep entrance is scarcely two hundred feet wide. From a sleepy hamlet, a century since a favorite resort of buccaneers and for years an unimportant village, it has become a busy little town bustling with importance—all due to American fondness for the banana and to American enterprise seeking to satisfy that fondness, for about 5,000,000 bunches leave its wharves annually for United States ports.

Something over twenty years ago a New England skipper used to make several trips a year from Boston to the northern ports of Jamaica, and would return to Cape Cod Bay, his fleet schooner laden with bananas, for which he found ready and remunerative sale. Other vessels were added to the business, which grew and prospered, and soon became too important longer to depend upon the uncertain winds, and steamers replaced the schooners. Bananas were offered in quantities greater than our Yankee mariner, with his limited means, could handle, and a company was formed in 1877 with a capital of $200,000 and two steamers, and the business of systematically growing the banana for export to the United States commenced. From such small beginnings sprang the American company which now practically controls the fruit export trade of Jamaica. Its present capital is $500,000, and it has a surplus of $1,000,000, and employs twelve steamers. It ships to the United States every year about 4,000,000 bunches of bananas, besides upwards of 6,000,000 cocoanuts, and quantities of pimento (allspice), coffee, cocoa, and early vegetables. It employs nearly two thousand men. More than six hundred mules are daily in harness engaged in drawing to ports of shipment its varied products. It owns and controls more than twenty estates, comprising nearly 50,000 acres. Free schools are provided for the children of its employees. It has brought great prosperity to a languishing country and practically created an industry; and its president, the man whose foresight began all this great work and whose energy is now pushing it onward, is commonly known among the Jamaicans as the Banana King.

To produce in perfection the banana requires a rich soil. The shoots are planted about eight or ten feet apart, in rows which are at fifteen-feet intervals. They grow very rapidly. The great leaves are at first curled in a spiral on the top of the stem, and unroll suddenly with a peculiar hissing noise; but the wind soon mars their beauty and tears them into ribbons, still attached to the central stem of the leaf. The average height of the plant is about fifteen feet, though some varieties are twice as tall, the Abyssinian tree being sometimes over thirty feet. The bunch grows out of the top of the soft trunk, where the leaves converge, and hangs gracefully downwards on its strong curving stem, the "hands," or sections of the fruit (so called from their likeness to the spread-out fingers) tending upwards, or just the reverse of the fruit-store method of hanging. From the end of the bunch, on a stem a foot or more in length, hangs the great, heart-shaped, marroon-colored blossom as large as the two fists.

At the end of a year the first bunch is ready to be gathered. All the energies of the plant have been devoted to the creation of this one beautiful cluster, and it is thereafter useless and is cut down. Still it lives, as it has the curious power of perpetuating itself. During the months of its brief existence it has sent up from its root, gathered about its trunk, numerous offshoots or "suckers." Two or three of the strongest and most promising of these are permitted to grow and the rest are cut down. Each of these lives out its allotted time, yields its single bunch, and is removed. This goes on for eight or ten years, and occasionally for a longer period, according to the richness of the soil. By that time the ground is so full of roots that it is necessary to plough it up and plant again.

The bunches of bananas are graded by the number of "hands" contained in each. A bunch of seven "hands" or more is a "first"; of six, a "second"; and of five, a "third." No bunch of less than five "hands" is saleable.

From all points the bananas stream continually to the ports of shipment. From the company's plantations and from private estates where the fruit is grown for export they come in specially constructed wagons. From distant points along the coast, where purchasing agencies are established for the convenience of the small grower and the peasant proprietor, they are sent by sea in great whaleboats. Down the shallow rivers from far in the interior the green bunches come floating on bamboo rafts. Over the mountain trails on muleback they are carried, and it is a common sight on the country roads to see whole families of negroes filing into the towns, paterfamilias in the lead, with a six or seven "hand" bunch on his head, followed by the mother of the family, with high-tucked skirt and a bunch of equal proportions perched aloft, and so on down to the dirty, ragged little pickanniny, with his woolly pate crowned with a "hand" or two of the yellow fruit for family consumption *en route*. Down to the company's wharves they all go, where the bunches are paid for, and are stowed away in airy warehouses awaiting shipment.

In every port and bay the stores of bananas are collected—at St. Ann's, with its fine harbor, which is not far from the Puerto Bueno of Columbus, who took refuge there under stress of weather during his last sad voyage. Four miles away is Runaway Point, whence the last Spanish Governor of Jamaica escaped in an open boat. Near by is Ocho Rios, where the Spaniards made their final desperate stand. At Ora Cabessa is a grove of banana and cocoanut trees which is famous for its beauty, and startling effects are produced by the mingling of the two plants, which are in imagination, and almost in fact, parts of every tropical scene.

Near Port Maria (Puerto Santa Maria of the Spanish), with its beautiful bay, Columbus landed when he discovered Jamaica, May 3, 1494. Into these and many other ports on this romantic and inviting north coast the busy steamers of the American company flit like so many humming-birds, pick up the bananas and are away again after a few hours' stay, until their cargo is complete, and then they head for the United States.

This goes on unceasingly the year through, but with greater activity during the season of plenty, from March to July. The loading of the steamers commences immediately upon their arrival, day or night. As is usual throughout all the West India Islands, the work is done by negro women. The bunches are carried on their heads, each receiving as she goes over the side of the vessel a tally check, and these are redeemed at the office.

The fruit is shipped green, and will in that condition, if not crushed and if supplied with plenty of air, keep a long time. The bunches are hung in tiers, in stalls, or boxes built of slats in the "between-decks" of steamers. A single cargo of 50,000 bunches is not uncommon.

## THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Among the photographs from which Mr. de Thulstrup has made the drawings reproduced on page 729 of this issue the most interesting is number 3, showing a group of deserters from the Spanish army.

It has been repeatedly stated that the insurgents manifest a disposition to treat prisoners leniently, and examples have been given by the Weekly of the restoration of captured Spanish soldiers to their friends, as at Las Lajas; but it has also been implied that such forbearance was the result of policy and calculation, rather than an expression of any degree—even a very slight degree—of benevolence. The observed fact that Spanish captives are dismissed by the insurgents, after being disarmed, proves that the latter are capable of self-restraint under orders, and that is just so much to their credit; but it proves nothing whatever in regard to the disposition or natural impulse of the men who are campaigning under Gómez, or the two Maceos, or Garcia. The distinction cannot be too often or too firmly stated, for it is necessary to an understanding of one of the most characteristic features in the whole ugly war.

Writing from the camp at "El Estanque" on May 18, Manuel Antonio Martinez, an officer serving under José Maceo in the eastern provinces, shows the practical workings of the insurgent policy with reference to prisoners. In the course of his description of the photographs which he forwarded to the Weekly he says: "We made prisoners of a company of young Spaniards (quintos) when we attacked the column commanded by Lopez; and these quintos, finding themselves captives and fearing lest we should shoot them (a thing we never have done, nor ever shall do), deserted and joined our forces, bringing with them some of the mules that the Spaniards in Mexico sent to the *asesino* de Weyler. One of the men on horseback in the first line is an Andalusian, Sergeant Antonio Ballesteros. . . .

"This [eastern] part of the island is practically in our power, inasmuch as the Spaniards are cornered in the cities and fortified places, not daring to go out except in large columns—and very seldom at that. Desertions from their ranks increase from day to day, because they owe their troops five months' pay, and, besides giving them very bad food and scarcely enough rest, rule with a rod of iron [literally, "govern them with clean kicks"]. It will be about a week since a quinto came to us, a boy about eighteen years of age, who had deserted from his column, and who still bore the marks of the lash on his shoulders from the blows which his chief had given for some insignificant offence. Accordingly a day seldom passes that some deserter does not turn up, eager to enter our ranks. Among the rest there is one boy—a child, almost, as he is only sixteen years old—who wrings one's soul with his talk about his 'poor mother forever weeping in some unknown village at thought of her son's misery.' . . . These wretches fight without object, without ideal; they have almost to be *shoved* by their officers. It is not strange, therefore, that the Spaniards, although they have three times as many troops as we, and plenty of ammunition, are losing ground all the time. Nor is it strange that desertions occur so frequently among men who are tired of hard fighting, all without hope of recompense. And there is another thing: Because it has become matter of common report in the Spanish columns that we, far from shooting the prisoners we make, set them at liberty (a fact they learn from the prisoners themselves returning to their ranks), the consequence is that when they are under fire and find themselves a little hard pressed they give themselves up unconditionally; and at the beginning of an engagement they fight without courage, longing for the moment when they may fall prisoners and thus save their lives. In one word, the Spanish army is completely demoralized. . . . A messenger from General Antonio Maceo brings the information that he is well off in Pinar del Rio, and has artillery enough."

The scene of the other illustrations on page 729 is the river Cauto, in the extreme east, a more remote point than any of those to which our correspondents up to the present time have introduced us. Martinez writes as follows:

"When General José Maceo learned from private sources that a convoy composed of several schooners and a sloop, under the protection of a small gunboat and a launch, was ascending the Cauto River, he directed Brigadier Peña and four hundred men to lie in wait in the mangrove thickets on the banks of the river, near a pass where the Cauto grows extremely narrow, being not more than twenty-five yards wide at that point. At five o'clock in the afternoon we saw the convoy arrive; and when the vessels passed in front of the place where we were in ambush we fired upon them from both banks. [This is the subject of the illustration on the centre of the page.] The fusillade lasted until night drew on, when, taking advantage of the darkness, the gunboat and launch escaped. The schooners and the sloop fell into our power, and we made thirty-two prisoners. These we set at liberty, after disarming them, except fourteen, who preferred to enlist in our ranks. An abundant supply of Mauser cartridges was secured, together with five thousand rations, cloth shoes, medicines, etc."

Another point on the same river, farther towards the interior, is shown in the illustration at the top of page 729—a snap-shot secured when the expedition of General Garcia, accompanied by José Maceo's men, was crossing the Cauto.

The question is often asked, "How do the insurgents manage to forward their letters from the island, the ports of which are in the hands of the Spanish?" In very many ways which the ingenuity of men and women can always contrive; but the safest and most expeditious messenger that the Cubans can choose is a prominent loyalist. This has been repeatedly tried, and the plan has worked to perfection—somewhat as follows: A committee of the insurgents waits upon a wealthy manufacturer or planter who is identified with the Spanish cause. They show him a sealed package, inform him that it contains letters, and request him to take it to New York and there deliver it to the Cuban Junta. He indignantly refuses. The committee insists: "You are well known as a loyalist; the authorities will never suspect you; you can go and return without being searched—a thing which is impossible for one of us." And then a threat is added: "If you take the next steamer for New York, and if we get a cipher despatch from the Junta saying that you have delivered this package to them with the seals intact, at the earliest possible moment, then we shall be much obliged to you, and your property in Cuba will be safe. But if you refuse or delay, your factory will be destroyed by dynamite. Here, by-the-way, *is* some of the dynamite"—and the insurgents show him a quantity of the explosive. It is said that several eminent persons in Havana—even officers of the volunteers—have been thus terrorized; and that in one case the unwilling messenger, on his arrival in New York, actually made a contribution, through the Junta, to the insurgents' treasury, as the price of immunity.

M. W.

# THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

## XI.

AFTER breakfast Westover walked out and saw Whitwell standing on the grass in front of the house, beside the flag-staff. He suffered Westover to make the first advances toward the renewal of their acquaintance, but when he was sure of his friendly intention he responded with a cordial openness which the painter had fancied wanting in his children. Whitwell had not changed much. The most noticeable difference was the compact phalanx of new teeth which had replaced the staggering veterans of former days, and which displayed themselves in his smile of relenting. There was some novelty of effect also in an arrangement of things in his hat-band. At first Westover thought they were fish-hooks and artificial flies, such as the guides wear in the Adirondacks, to advertise their calling, about the hotel offices and the piazzas. But another glance showed him that they were sprays and wild flowers of various sorts, with gay mosses and fungi, and some stems of Indian-pipe.

Whitwell seemed pleased that these things should have caught Westover's eye. He said, almost immediately: "Lookin' at my almanac? This is one of our field-days; we have 'em once a week; and I like to let the ladies see beforehand what nature's got on the bill for 'em, in the woods and pastures."

"It's a good idea," said Westover, "and it's fresh and picturesque." Whitwell laughed for pleasure. "They told me what a consolation you were to the ladies, with your walks and talks."

"Well, I try to give 'em something to think about," said Whitwell.

"But why do you confine your ministrations to one sex?"

"I don't, on purpose. But it's the only sex here, three-fourths of the time. Even the children are mostly all girls. When the husbands come up Saturday nights, they don't want to go on a tramp Sundays. "They want to lay off and rest. That's about how it is. Well, you see some changes about Lion's Head, I presume?" he asked with what seemed an impersonal pleasure in them.

"I should rather have found the old farm. But I must say I'm glad to find such a good hotel."

"Jeff and his mother made their brags to you?" said Whitwell with a kind of amiable scorn. "I guess if it wa'n't for Cynthy she wouldn't know where she was standin', half the time. It don't matter where Jeff stands, I guess. Jackson's the best o' the lot, now the old man's gone." There was no one by at the moment to hear these injuries except Westover, but Whitwell called them out with a frankness which was perhaps more carefully adapted to the situation than it seemed. Westover made no attempt to parry them formally; but he offered some generalities in extenuation of the unworthiness of the Durgins, which Whitwell did not altogether refuse.

"Oh, it's all right. Old woman talk to you about Jeff's going to college? I thought so. Wants to make another Dan'el Webster of him. Guess she can 's far forth as Dan'el's graduatin' went." Westover tried to remember how this had been with the statesman, but could not. Whitwell added with intensifying irony of look and tone: "Guess the second Dan'el won't have a chance to tear his degree up; guess he wouldn't ever been ready to try for it if it had depended on *him*. They don't keep any record at Harvard, do they, of the way fellows are prepared for their preliminary examinations?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," said Westover.

"Oh, nothin'. You get a chance some time to ask Jeff who done most of his studyin' for him at the Academy."

This hint was not so darkling but Westover could understand that Whitwell attributed Jeff's scholarship to the help of Cynthia, but he would not press him to an open assertion of the fact. There was something painful in it to him; it had the pathos which perhaps most of the success in the world would reveal if we could penetrate its outside.

He was silent, and Whitwell left the point. "Well," he concluded, "what's goin' on in them old European countries?"

"Oh, the old thing," said Westover. "But I can't speak for any except France, very well."

"What's their republic like, over there? Ours? See anything of it, how it works?"

"Well, you know," said Westover, "I was working so hard myself all the time—"

"Good!" Whitwell slapped his leg. Westover saw that he had on long india-rubber boots, which came up to his knees, and he gave a wayward thought to the misery they would be on an August day to another man; but Whitwell was probably insensible to any discomfort from them. "When a man's mindin' his own business any government's good, I guess. But I should like to prowl round some them places where they had the worst scenes of the Revolution. Ever been in the Place de la Concorde?" Whitwell gave it the full English pronunciation.

"I passed through it nearly every day."

"I want to know! And that column that they pulled down in the Commune that had little Boney on it: see that?"

"In the Place Vendôme?"

"Yes, Plass Vonndome."

"Oh, yes. You wouldn't know it had ever been down."

"Nor the things it stood for?"

"As to that, I can't be so sure."

"Well, it's funny," said the philosopher, "how the world seems to always come out at the same hole it went in at!" He paused, and stood with his mouth open, as if to let the notion have full effect with Westover.

The painter said, "And you're still in the old place, Mr. Whitwell?"

"Yes, I like my own house. They've wanted me to come up here often enough, but I'm satisfied where I am. It's quiet down there, and when I get through for the day I can read. And I like to keep my family together. Cynthy and Frank always sleep at home, and Jombateeste eats with me. You remember Jombateeste?"

Westover had to say that he did not.

"Well, I don't know as you *did* see him, much. He was that Canuck I had helpin' me clear that piece over on Lion's Head for the pulp-mill; pulp-mill went all to thunder, and I never got a cent. And sometimes Jackson comes down with his plantchette and we have a good time."

"Jackson still believes in the manifestations?"

"Yes. But he's never developed much himself. He can't seem to do much without the plantchette. We've had up some them old philosophers lately. We've had up Socrates."

"Is that so? It must be very interesting."

Whitwell did not answer, and Westover saw his eye wander. He looked round. Several ladies were coming across the grass toward him from the hotel, lifting their skirts and tiptoeing through the dew. They called to him, "Good-morning, Mr. Whitwell!" and "Are you going up Lion's Head to-day?" and "Don't you think it will rain?"

"Guess not," said Whitwell, with a fatherly urbanity and an air of amusement at the anxieties of the sex, which seemed habitual to him. He waited tranquilly for them to come up, and then asked with a wave of his hand toward Westover, "Acquainted with Mr. Westover, the artist?" He named each of them, and it would have been no great vanity in Westover to think they had made their little movement across the grass quite as much in the hope of an introduction to him, as in the wish to consult Whitwell about his plans.

The painter found himself the centre of an agreeable excitement with all the ladies in the house. For this it was perhaps sufficient to be a man. To be reasonably young, and decently good-looking, to be an artist, and an artist not unknown, were advantages which had the splendor of superfluity.

He liked finding himself in the simple and innocent American circumstance again, and he was not sorry to be confronted at once with one of the most characteristic aspects of our summer. He could read in the present development of Lion's Head House, all the history of its evolution from the first conception of farm-board, which sufficed the earliest comers, to its growth in the comforts and conveniences which more fastidious tastes and larger purses demanded. Before this point was reached, the boarders would be of a good and wholesome sort, but they would be people of no social advantages, and not of much cultivation, though they might be intelligent; they would certainly not be fashionable; five dollars a week implied all that, except in the case of some wandering artist, or the family of some poor young professor. But when the farm became a boarding-house and called itself a hotel, as at present with Lion's Head House, and people paid ten dollars a week, or twelve for transients, a moment of its character was reached which could not be surpassed when its prosperity became greater, and its inmates more pretentious. In fact, the people who can afford to pay ten dollars a week for summer board and not much more, are often the best of the American people, or at least of the New England people. They may not know it, and those who are richer may not imagine it. They are apt to be middle-aged maiden ladies from university towns, living upon carefully guarded investments; young married ladies with a scant child or two, and needing rest and change of air; college professors with nothing but their modest salaries; literary men or women in the beginning of their tempered success; clergymen and their wives away from their churches in the larger country towns, or the smaller suburbs of the cities; here and there an agreeable bachelor in middle life, fond of literature and nature; hosts of young and pretty girls with distinct tastes in art, and devoted to the clever young painter who leads them to the sources of inspiration in the fields and woods. Such people are refined, humane, appreciative, sympathetic; and Westover, fresh from the life abroad where life is seldom so free as ours without some stain, was glad to find himself in the midst of this unrestraint, which was so sweet and pure. He had seen enough of rich people to know that riches seldom bought the highest qualities, even among his fellow-countrymen who suppose that riches can do everything, and the first aspects of society at Lion's Head seemed to him Arcadian. There really proved to be a shepherd or two among all that troop of shepherdesses, old and young; though it was in the middle of the week, remote alike from the Saturday of arrivals and the Monday of departures. To be sure there was none quite so young as himself, except Jeff Durgin, who was officially exterior to the social life.

The painter who gave lessons to the ladies, was already a man of forty, and he was strongly dragoned round by a wife almost as old, who had taken great pains to secure him for herself, and who worked him to far greater advantage in his profession than he could possibly have worked himself; she got him orders; sold his pictures, even in Boston where they never buy American pictures; found him pupils, and kept the boldest of these from flirting with him. Westover, who was so newly from Paris, was able to console him with talk of the salons and ateliers, which he had not heard from so directly in ten years. After the first inevitable moment of jealousy, his wife forgave Westover when she found that he did not want pupils, and she took a leading part in the movement to have him read Browning at a picnic, organized by the ladies shortly after he came.

## XII.

The picnic was held in Whitwell's Clearing on the side of Lion's Head where the moss, almost as white as snow, lay like belated drifts among the tall, thin grass which overran the space opened by the axe, and crept to the verge of the low pines growing in the shelter of the loftier woods. It was the end of one of Whitwell's Tramps home to Nature, as he called his walks and talks with the ladies, and on this day Westover's fellow-painter had added to his lessons in wood-lore the claims of art, intending that his class should make studies of various bits in the clearing, and should try to catch something of its peculiar charm. He asked Westover what he thought of the notion, and Westover gave it his approval, which became enthusiastic when he saw the place. He found in it the melancholy grace, the poignant sentiment of ruin, which expresses itself in some measure wherever man has invaded nature, and then left his conquest to her again. In Whitwell's Clearing the effect was intensified by the approach on the fading wood road, which the wagons had made in former days when they hauled the fallen timber to the pulp-mill. In places it was so vague and faint as to be hardly a trail; in others, where the wheel tracks remained visible, the trees had sent out a new growth of lower branches in the place of those lopped away, and almost forbade the advance of foot-passengers. The ladies said they did not see how Jeff was ever going to get through with the wagon, and they expressed fears for the lunch he was bringing, which seemed only too well grounded.

But Whitwell, who was leading them on, said: "You let a Durgin alone to do a thing when he's made up his mind to it. I guess you'll have your lunch all right"; and by the time that they had got enough of Browning, they heard the welcome sound of wheels crashing upon dead boughs, and swishing through the underbrush, and in the pauses of these pleasant noises, the voice of Jeff Durgin encouraging his horses. The children of the party broke away to meet him, and then he came in sight ahead of his team, looking strong and handsome in his keeping with the scene. Before he got within hearing, the ladies murmured a hymn of praise to his type of beauty; they said he looked like a young Hercules, and Westover owned with an inward smile that Jeff had certainly made the best of himself for the time being. He had taken a leaf from the book of the summer folks; his stalwart calves revealed themselves in thick-ribbed stockings; he wore knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket of corduroy; he had style as well as beauty, and he had the courage of his clothes and looks. Westover was still in the first surprise of the American facts, and he wondered just what part in the picnic Jeff was to bear socially. He was neither quite host nor guest; but no doubt in the easy play of the life, which Westover was rather proud to find so charming, the question would solve itself rationally and gracefully.

"Where do you want the things?" the young fellow asked of the company at large, as he advanced upon them from the green portals of the roadway, pulling off his soft wool hat, and wiping his wet forehead with his blue-bordered white handkerchief.

"Oh, right here, Jeff." The nimblest of the nymphs, sprang to her feet from the lounging and crouching circle about Westover. She was a young nymph no longer, but with a daughter not so much younger than herself as to make the contrast of her sixteen years painful. Westover recognized the officious, self-approving kind of the woman, but he admired the brisk efficiency with which she had taken possession of the affair from the beginning and inspired every one to help, in strict subordination to herself.

When the cloths were laid on the smooth elastic moss, and the meal was spread, she heaped a plate without suffering any interval in her activities.

"I suppose you've got to go back to your horses, Jeff, and you shall be the first served," she said, and she offered him the plate with a bright smile and friendly grace, which were meant to keep him from the hurt of her intention.

Jeff did not offer to take the plate which she raised to him from where she was kneeling, but looked down at her with perfect intelligence. "I guess I don't want anything," he said, and turned and walked away into the woods.

The ill-advised woman remained kneeling for a moment with her ingratiating smile hardening on her face, while the sense of her blunder petrified the rest. She was the first to recover herself, and she said with a laugh that she tried to make reckless. "Well, friends, I suppose the rest of you are hungry; I know *I* am," and she began to eat.

The others ate, too, though their appetites might well have been affected by the diplomatic behavior of Whitwell. He would not take anything, just at present, he said, and got his lank length up from the root of a tree where he had folded it down. "I don't seem to care much for anything in the middle of the day; breakfast's my best meal," and he followed Jeff off into the woods.

"Really," said the lady, "what did they expect?" But the question was so difficult that no one seemed able to make the simple answer.

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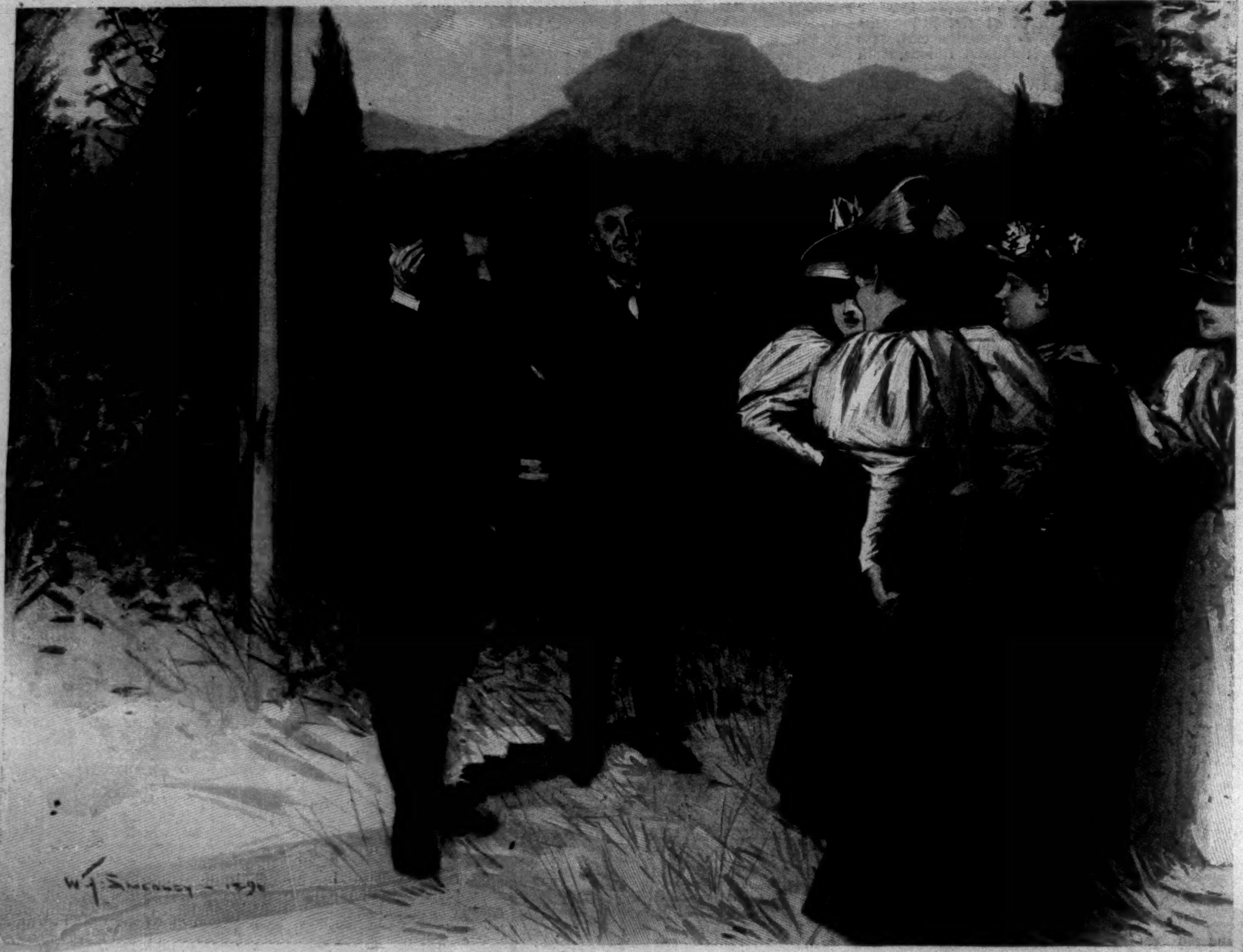
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.



"ACQUAINTED WITH MR. WESTOVER, THE ATTIST?"

The incident darkened the day, and spoiled its pleasure; it cast a lessening shadow into the evening when the guests met round the fire in the large, ugly new parlor at the hotel.

The next morning the ladies assembled again on the piazza to decide what should be done with the beautiful day before them. Whitwell stood at the foot of the flagstaff with one hand staying his person against it, like a figure posed in a photograph to verify proportions in the different features of a prospect.

The heroine of the unhappy affair of the picnic could not forbear authorizing herself to invoke his opinion at a certain point of the debate, and "Mr. Whitwell!" she called to him, "won't you please come here a moment?"

Whitwell slowly pulled himself across the grass to the group, and at the same moment, as if she had been waiting for him to be present, Mrs. Durgin came out of the office door, and advanced toward the ladies.

"Mrs. Marven," she said, with the stony passivity which the ladies used to note in her when they came over to Lion's Head farm in the tally-hoes, "the stage leaves here at two o'clock to get the down train at three. I want you should have your trunks ready to go on the wagon a little before two."

"You want I should have my— What do you *mean*, Mrs. Durgin?"

"I want your rooms."

"You want my *rooms?*"

Mrs. Durgin did not answer. She let her steadfast look suffice; and Mrs. Marven went on in a rising flutter: "Why, you can't *have* my rooms! I don't understand you. I've taken my rooms for the whole of August, and they are mine; and—"

"I have got to have your rooms," said Mrs. Durgin.

"Very well, then, I won't give them up," said the lady. "A bargain's a bargain, and I have your agreement—"

"If you're not out of your rooms by two o'clock, your things will be put out; and after dinner to-day, you will not eat another bite under my roof."

Mrs. Durgin went in and it remained for the company to make what they could of the affair. Mrs. Marven did not wait for the result. She was not a dignified person, but she rose with hauteur, and whipped away to her rooms, hers no longer, to make her preparations. She knew at least how to give her going the effect of quitting the place with disdain and abhorrence.

The incident of her expulsion was brutal, but it was clearly meant to be so. It made Westover a little sick, and he would have liked to pity Mrs. Marven more than he could. The ladies said that Mrs. Durgin's behavior was an outrage, and they ought all to resent it by going straight to their own rooms and packing their things, and leaving on the same stage with Mrs. Marven. None of them did so, and their talk veered round to something extenuating if not justifying Mrs. Durgin's action.

"I suppose," one of them said, "that she felt more indignant about it, because she *has* been so very good to Mrs. Marven, and her daughter, too. They were both sick on her hands here for a week, after they came, first one and then the other, and she looked after them and did for them like a mother."

"And yet," another lady suggested, "what could Mrs. Marven have done? What *did* she do? He wasn't asked to the picnic, and I don't see why he should have been treated as a guest. He was there, purely and simply, to bring the things and take them away. And besides, if there *is* anything in distinctions, in differences, if we are to choose who is to associate with us—or our daughters—"

"That is true," the ladies said in one form or another, with the tone of conviction; but they were not so deeply convinced but they wanted a man's opinion, and they all looked at Westover.

He would not respond to their look, and the lady who had argued for Mrs. Marven had to ask, "What do *you* think, Mr. Westover?"

"Ah, it's a difficult question," he said. "I suppose that as long as one person believes himself or herself socially better than another, it must always be a fresh problem what to do in every given case."

The ladies said they supposed so, and they were forced to make what they could of wisdom in which they might certainly have felt a want of finality.

Westover went away from them in a perplexed mind which was not simplified by the contempt he had at the bottom of all for something unmanly in Jeff, who had carried his grievance to his mother like a slighted boy, and provoked her to take up arms for him.

The sympathy for Mrs. Marven mounted again when it was seen that she did not come to dinner, or permit her daughter to do so, and when it became known later that she had refused for both the dishes sent to their rooms. Her farewells to the other ladies, when they gathered to see her off on the stage, were airy rather than cheery; there was almost a demonstration in her behalf, but Westover was oppressed by a kind of inherent squalor in the incident.

At night he responded to a knock which he supposed that of Frank Whitwell with ice-water, and Mrs. Durgin came into his room, and sat down in one of his two chairs. "Mr. Westover," she said, "if you knew all I had done for that woman and her daughter, and how much she had pretended to think of us all, I don't believe you'd be so ready to judge me."

"Judge you!" cried Westover. "Bless my soul, Mrs. Durgin! I haven't said a word that could be tormented into the slightest censure."

"But you think I done wrong?"

"I have not been at all able to satisfy myself on that point, Mrs. Durgin. I think it's always wrong to revenge one's self."

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Mrs. Durgin, humbly; and the tears came into her eyes. "I got the tray ready with my own hands, that was sent to her room; but she wouldn't touch it. I presume she didn't like having *a plate prepared for her!* But I did feel sorry for her. She a'n't over and above strong, and I'm afraid she'll be sick; there a'n't any rest'rant at our depot."

Westover fancied this a fit mood in Mrs. Durgin for her further instruction, and he said, "And if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Durgin, I don't think what you did was quite the way to keep a hotel."

More tears flashed into Mrs. Durgin's eyes, but they were tears of wrath now. "I would 'a' done it," she said, "if I thought every single one of 'em would 'a' left the house the next minute, for there a'n't one that has the first word to say against me, any other way. It wa'n't that I cared whether she thought my son was good enough to eat with her or not; I know what *I* think, and that's enough for *me*. He wa'n't invited to the picnic, and he a'n't one to put himself forward. If she didn't want him to stay, all she had to do was to do nothin'. But to make him up a plate before everybody, and hand it to him to eat with the horses, like a tramp, or a dog—" Mrs. Durgin filled to the throat with her wrath, and the sight of her made Westover keenly unhappy.

"Yes, yes," he said. "It was a miserable business." He could not help adding, "If Jeff could have kept it to himself,—but perhaps that wasn't possible."

"Mr. Westover!" said Mrs. Durgin, sternly. "Do you think Jeff would come to me, like a great cry-baby, and complain of my lady boarders and the way they used him? It was Mr. Whitwell that let it out, or I don't know as I should *ever* known about it."

"I'm glad Jeff didn't tell you," said Westover, with a revulsion of good feeling toward him.

"He'd 'a' died first," said his mother. "But Mr. Whitwell done just right all through, and I sha'n't soon forget it. Jeff's give me a proper goin' over for what I done; both the boys have. But I couldn't help it, and I should do just so again. All is, I wanted you should know just what you was blamin' me for—"

"I don't know that I blame you. I only wish you *could* have helped it—managed some other way."

"I did try to get over it, and all I done was to lose a night's rest. Then, this morning, when I see her settin' there so cool and mighty with the other boarders, and takin' the lead as usual, I just waited till she got Whitwell across, and nearly everybody was there that saw what she done to Jeff, and then I flew out on her."

Westover could not suppress a laugh. "Well, Mrs. Durgin, your retaliation was complete; it was dramatic."

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Mrs. Durgin, rising and resuming her self-control; she did not refuse herself a grim smile. "But I guess she thought it was pretty perfect herself—or she will, when she's able to give her mind to it. I'm sorry for her daughter; I never had anything against her; or her mother either, for that matter, before. Franky look after you pretty well? I'll send him up with your ice-water. Got everything else you want?"

"I should have to invent a want, if I wished to complain," said Westover.

"Well, I should like to have you do it. We can't ever do too much for *you*. Well, good-night, Mr. Westover."

"Good-night, Mrs. Durgin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE "CONSTITUTION," THE "CYANE," AND THE "LEVANT."

### BY JAMES BARNES.

BEFORE the peace of 1815 was ratified by President James Madison, the frigate *Constitution* again distinguished herself, and added to the laurels that had made her so dear to the hearts of the American people.

In the fall of the year 1814, after the repulse of the British at Norfolk, Captain Charles Stewart, who at the beginning of the war had been in command of the 36-gun frigate *Constellation*, was given the post then most desired above all others in our navy—that of commander of "Old Ironsides."

After undergoing some repairs in the navy-yard, the *Constitution*, with a veteran crew, sailed from the port of Boston and proceeded southward. For some time she hung about the Bermudas, waiting in vain for an encounter; thence she sailed away for the coasts of Surinam, Berbice, and Demerara, cruised to windward of the island of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Martinico, off St. Kitts, St. Eustatius, Porto Rico, and Santa Cruz, and succeeded in capturing and destroying the *Picton*, of 16 guns; a merchant ship of 10 guns; the brig *Catherine*, 10 guns; and an armed schooner, the *Phœnix*. But no foe was seen that was worthy of her metal, and it appeared that for the first time bad luck was in the breezes.

At this time the *Constitution* must have presented a peculiar appearance while under way, for her sails were the same she had carried in her cruises under Hull and Bainbridge, and the shot-holes made by the *Guerrière* and the *Java* were plain to view, like the honorable scars of a veteran. Patched and threadbare, her canvas was in no condition to stand a blow or to hold the wind. In those days the *Constitution* was a marked vessel in many senses. In view of the reputation she had earned, there were no frigates of her class who appeared to seek her out, and it was not considered a disgrace to avoid a meeting with "the dangerous nondescript," as the British press had labelled her. If the fact was once ascertained what vessel it was that carried that high freeboard and those brown patched sails, his Majesty's commanders generally showed a tenderness that their reputations would hardly lead one to expect. In the Mona Passage, for instance, Captain Stewart chased, but failed to come up with, the British frigate *La Pique*, and on two separate occasions he tried to entice the enemy to meet him by unfurling at first sight the enormous flag that also distinguished the *Constitution* above the other frigates in our service, but all to no purpose; and in March Stewart determined to return to the United States and to refit completely. But he was not to reach home without an adventure.

Probably no vessel in the world had so many narrow escapes from capture by a superior force as had the *Constitution*. Her chase, on July 17, 1812, by a British squadron consisting of one battle-ship, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner, was one of the most exciting incidents of the war, and only the masterly seamanship of Commodore Hull had kept her from being taken.

From 1813 to the close of the war the English frigates generally cruised in pairs, and off the New England coast, on her return voyage, the *Constitution* ran across the *Junon* and *La Nymphe*, each of 50 guns. She managed to outsail them by a narrow margin, and arrived safely at Marblehead in the latter part of April. She rested in Massachusetts Bay for seven months, completely refitting under the eye of Captain Stewart himself; and in December she again proceeded to sea, and was then, beyond doubt, the best equipped and best ordered vessel of her class that ever answered helm.

Stewart shaped his course for his favorite cruising-ground, the high seas to the eastward of the Bermudas, and on the 24th of the month he captured the English brig *Lord Nelson*, and took the ship *Susan* with a valuable cargo, sending the latter to New York. Then he bore away east, with the intention of reaching the waters in the neighborhood of the Madeira Islands.

The morning of the 20th of February began with light breezes from the east and cloudy weather. At 1 P.M. a sail was discovered two points off the larboard bow, and three leagues or more away. The *Constitution* bore up at once, and made all sail in chase. In half an hour the stranger was seen to be a ship, and in a few minutes another vessel was made out ahead; both were close-hauled, and about ten miles apart. At four o'clock it was seen that the weathermost ship was signalling her consort, who immediately shortened sail and waited for her.

For an hour the three vessels sailed on. The two strangers, who were nearing each other gradually, had displayed no flags; and although at too great a distance to reach the nearer vessel, Stewart commenced to fire with his bow guns, in the hope that they would display their colors, but to no purpose. It was not doubted, however, that they were English, and the *Constitution* cleared for action. Soon they passed within hail of one another, and hauling by the wind on the starboard tack, showed that they were prepared to fight.

Now commenced one of the most exciting moments of the old sailing days—the struggle for the advantage of the weather-gage; but finding that the *Constitution* could outpoint them, the British vessels gave up the attempt, and forming in line about half a cable's length apart, awaited her on-coming, shortening sail, and evidently preparing some concerted method of attack. At six Stewart shook out his tremendous flag, and the British ensigns climbed up in answer; at the same moment both vessels gave three rousing cheers. But in grim silence the *Constitution* bore down upon them, ranged up on the starboard side of the sternmost, and let go her broadside at a distance of only three hundred yards. The English replied with spirit, and the cannonading became furious. There being little wind, a great bank of sulphurous smoke, impenetrable as any fog, settled over the water on the *Constitution's* lee, and completely hid her antagonists. For three minutes the *Constitution* ceased her fire altogether (the enemy having slackened also), and then Stewart decried the topmasts of the leader stretching above the rolling clouds abreast of him. He fired his broadside, and again the smoke swallowed her from sight, just as it was seen that the ship astern had luffed to take up a raking position on the larboard quarter. The superior seamanship of the American tars and the quality of the vessel they manned could not be shown better than by the manœuvre which followed. Stewart braced aback his main and mizzen topsails, and immediately the *Constitution* gathered sternway and slid backwards through the smoke. What must have been the astonishment of Captain Gordon Falcon, the British commander, when he saw alongside of him the enemy that he hoped, a few minutes before, to take at such a disadvantage! The foremost vessel, that had received the previous broadside of the *Constitution*, kept pegging away at a spectre in the smoke. At thirty-five minutes past six the enemy's fire again slackened, and the headmost ship was discovered bearing up. Now the *Constitution* reversed her tactics, shot ahead, crossed the first vessel's stern and raked her fearfully, sailed about the sternmost and raked her also, then ranged up within hail on the larboard quarter, prepared for another broadside, when the last ship fired a lee gun and remained silent. At ten minutes of seven Stewart lowered his boat and took possession of his Majesty's ship *Cyane*, commanded by Captain Gordon Falcon, mounting 34 guns. The moon had risen by this time; the smoke had cleared away, and it was seen that the other ship was trying her best to get away to a place of safety, like a crippled water-fowl. The *Constitution* spread all sail in chase, and gallantly the smaller vessel, finding escape impossible, stood back close-hauled to meet her. They crossed on opposite tacks, and the *Constitution* wore immediately under the enemy's stern and raked her with a broadside.

Again the Englishman spread all sail, and endeavored to escape by running free. The *Constitution* broke out her lighter sail in chase, firing well-directed shots from her starboard bow-chaser. At ten, seeing she could not escape, the English vessel fired a gun, struck her colors, and yielded.

She proved to be his Majesty's ship the *Levaht*, Captain George Douglass, mounting 21 guns.

Before midnight Stewart had manned both his prizes, repaired his rigging, shifted his sails, and had his vessel in as good condition as before the encounter.

The *Cyane* was a ship that had made a reputation for herself in the war with France. She was one of the crack sloops-of-war in the English service. Only a year before she had engaged a French 44-gun frigate, and kept her at bay until help came in the shape of a 74. Her commander was so crestfallen at having to surrender that when he came aboard a prisoner he hardly recognized Stewart's courteous greetings and compliments.

Down in the cabin of the *Constitution* a little scene was enacted that must have been dramatic. Captain Douglass and Captain Falcon were treated as honored guests by Captain Stewart, and over their wine at dinner the day after the capture the two Englishmen indulged in a dispute, each placing the responsibility for the defeat upon the other's shoulders.

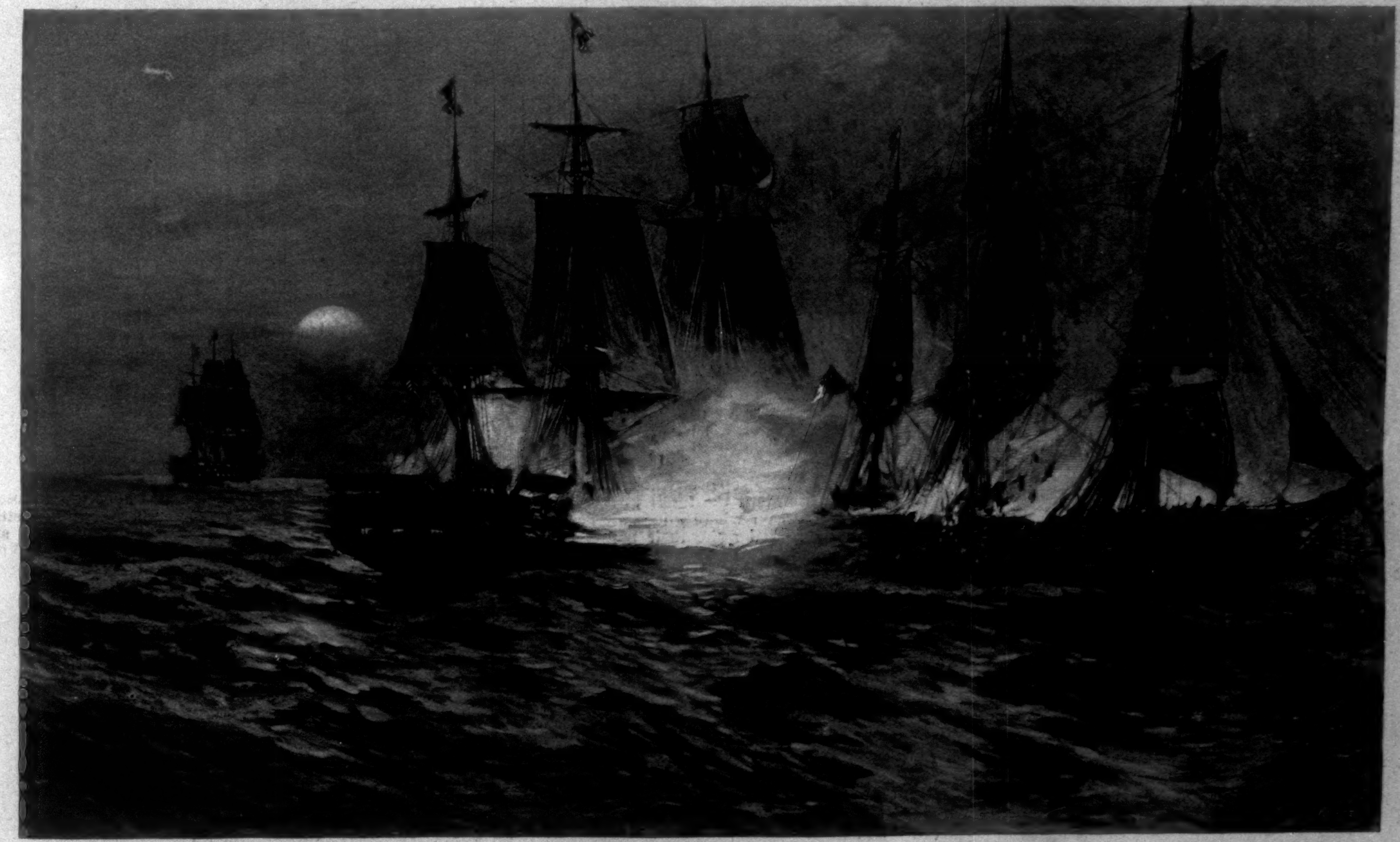
Stewart listened without comment for some minutes, and then rising, gravely said, "Gentlemen, there is only one way that I see to decide this question—to put you both back on your ships again, give you back your crews, and try it over."

Either the humor or the force of this remark must have struck each one of his late antagonists, for they ceased their bickering at once.

An anecdote is related showing the spirit of the men on board the *Constitution* at the time. As she forged down upon the waiting English vessels, grog was issued, as was customary, to the crews standing at the guns. An old quartermaster, noting with anger the eagerness of the men to claim a double share, as there were two vessels to fight, walked down the deck and kicked over two buckets of spirits into the scuppers, exclaiming, "Shame, messmates; we need no Dutch courage on board this ship!"

This little incident, while it might not have dampened their ardor, may have accounted for the lack of cheers.

It is to be noticed that the weight of shot fired by the British vessels was heavier than the *Constitution's* by ninety pounds.



THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION," THE "CYANE," AND THE "LEVANT," FEBRUARY 20, 1814.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

In the action with the *Guerrière* the *Constitution* had been hulled three times, and in that with the *Java* four times. In this engagement thirteen shots reached her hull.

Only one of the prizes was destined to reach the United States—the *Cyane*—and the reason for this makes a separate story in itself.

After the action the three vessels set sail for the island of St. Jago, and anchored in the harbor of Porto Praya, having previously touched at one of the Cape Verde Islands.

On the 12th of March, as they lay at anchor under the guns of the neutral battery, three sails were discovered in the offing. Soon they were made out to be frigates, and the *Constitution* gave signal to get under way. No sooner had this happened than the forts on the shore commenced firing upon the Americans, and the British vessels hoisted the English colors. The *Constitution* and the *Levant* were standing on the wind to the southward and eastward, with all three of the enemy in chase. The *Cyane* bore up to the north, and shaped her course toward the United States. The *Levant*, a much slower sailer than the *Constitution*, kept falling behind, and Stewart saw that it would be foolishness to attempt to close with a force so much superior.

He signalled Lieutenant Ballard, the prize commander of the *Levant*, to make back to the harbor; she came about, made the entrance safely, and anchored in so close to shore as to run her jib-boom over the Portuguese battery; and the latter, as if to show her "neutrality" to the satisfaction of the English, cowardly fired upon her as she lay there, and despite the fact that Ballard did not reply, but hauled down his flag, the *Acasta* and the *Newcastle*, two of the pursuers, came in and also fired at her a number of times. But as if in poetic justice for the action of the Portuguese, they did much more harm to the town than to the ship.

When the officer from the British squadron came on board the *Levant*, he advanced briskly to the quarter-deck, and with no attempt to conceal his eagerness, exclaimed to Lieutenant Ballard, who there awaited him,

"Sir, I believe I have the honor of taking the sword of Captain Blakely, commander of the American sloop-of-war the *Wasp*."

"No, sir," was the reply; "if you have an excess of pride in this case, you have the honor of receiving the sword of Captain Ballard, prize commander of his British Majesty's ship the *Levant*."

It was evident from the crestfallen appearance of the Britisher that he had expected a different reply.

A strange state of things existed on board the *Constitution* as she sailed off to the west. She had on board no less than 240 prisoners, and the number of English officers who were her unwilling guests was double that of her own. As this was the last cruise of the grand old ship in the second war with Great Britain, a short résumé of her career will be of interest:

Exclusive of the merchant vessels that had been sent back to the United States, in her actions with armed vessels of the English navy she had taken 154 guns, made upwards of 900 prisoners, killed or wounded 298 of the enemy, and the value of the property captured could not be estimated at less than one and a half millions of dollars.

The strange discrepancy which existed between the loss of life on board of her and her antagonists is to be noted. In her action with the *Cyane* and the *Levant* she lost 3 killed and 13 wounded, while the killed and wounded on board her opponents, so far as could be ascertained, were 77.

Another interesting fact is that she has been in commission within the last twelve years, and only a few years ago again breasted the waves, and was towed from the capes of the Delaware to her final resting-place in Massachusetts Bay.

# ODE

## FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**(Founder's Day, 1896.)**

### I.

PRAISE to the sower of the seed,
The planter of the tree!—
What though another for the harvest gold
The ready sickle hold,
Or breathe the blossom, watch the fruit unfold?
Enough for him, indeed,
That he should plant the tree, should sow the seed,
And earn the reaper's guerdon, even if he
Should not the reaper be.
"Let him who after a while, when I shall pass, may dwell
In my sweet close, 'neath my dear roof instead,
Enjoy the harvest, pluck the fruit as well,—
For every other man is other me."

### II.

And praise be theirs who plan
And fix the corner-stone
Of house or fane devote to God or man,
Not for themselves alone.
—Not for themselves alone,
The Pilgrim Fathers of the Western Wood,
Not only for themselves and for their own,
Came hither planting in heroic mood
The seeds of civil-graced society,
Repeating their New England by the sea
In the green wilderness.
From church and school, with church and school they came
To kindle here their consecrated flame:
With the high passion for humanity,
The largest light, the amplest liberty,
(No man a slave, unless himself enthrall,)
The key of knowledge in the door of Truth
For eager-seeking youth,
With priceless opportunity for all,
(The tree of knowledge no forbidden tree,)—
Free speech and conscience free.
—Honor and praise no less
Be theirs, who in the mighty forest, then
The haunt of savage men,
And tenanted by ravening beasts of prey
Only less fierce than they,
(The fever-chill, the hunger-pang they bore,
Dangers of day and darkness at their door)
Abode, and in the panther-startled shade
The deep foundations of an empire laid.
The corner-stone they put
(Where he the patriot sage,* with foresight keen,
Its fittest site on some vague chart had seen)
Of the fair Place we know—
Their capital of New Connecticut.

### III.

In the green solitude,
A hundred years ago,
The founder stood.
Hark, the first axe-stroke in the clearing! Lo,
The log house with its civilizing gleam
By yonder Indian stream!—
Such was the small beginning far away
We celebrate to-day.

### IV.

There were two prophecies. He the founder, he
Whose statue stands in yonder public square,
(He only came and went:
The city itself is his best monument,)
That lonely evening gleam,
Reflected heavenly fair
In the still Indian stream,
He saw, and prophesied,
With home-returning eyes:
A peaceful forest-shadowed town should rise,
Here by this azure Inland Sea,
With clustered church spires, happy roofs half-seen
Through leafy avenues of ambush green,
And school-house belfry—such he erewhile knew,
And the fond picture homesick memory drew,
In far New England by the Atlantic tide.
It was not long before the prophecy
Had grown reality:
That Forest City seemed a haven of rest—
New Haven of the West.
Another later came, in dreamful mood,
Where the tree-shadowed early village stood,
Who saw the flitting sails, the horizon-bound
Of the great Inland Sea before
Its open harbor door,
With the broad wealth-abundant land around.
(What wealth above of corn and fleece and vine!—
What wealth beneath of myriad-gifted mine!)
To him another vision: prophetwise,
With prescient eyes,
He saw a great commercial mart,
With arms outstretching over land and sea,
And linking continent to continent
With bands of gold beneficent;
The smoke of steamers, plying ceaselessly.
Bearing our harvest stores to far-off hands
In transatlantic lands;
With interchange of goods and gifts divine
In rivalry benign,
Lo, peaceful navies, alien with our own!
The foundry's plume of fire, a dreadful flower,
He saw, at midnight hour.
With ears that heard, as eyes that saw, th' foreknown,
He heard the hum of mighty industries,—
The vulcanic forge's echoing clang of steel,
The whirring wheel,
With other myriad sounds akin to these;
And up and down, and everywhere, the beat
Of busy-moving feet,—
In thronged thoroughfares of Trade apart,
The throbbing of the Titan Labor's heart.—
He saw and heard: a transient shadow he,
But lo, the prophecy!
The Genie's dream-built tower, in morning's ray,
In fable-world it shone—the City stands to-day!

### V.

Whoever backward looks shall see
What wonder-working strange
Of ever-moving change!
Lo, everywhere around we meet,
In every highway, every street,
New daily miracles of the century!
The harnessed elements, with that elusive sprite,
The errand-running Slave, with world-compelling might,
Obedient to man, and hurrying to and fro,
Wherever he would send, wherever wish to go!
In every house at night
The enchanted lamp alight,
In each frequented way
Its keen celestial ray,—
New wonders of a new world, they rise from day to day;
And all repeated, all reflected show
In the fair Place we know! ....
—A sigh for their sad fate,
For those red tribes, so late
Tenants-at-will of their vast hunting-ground.
That had nor mete nor bound
In the deep wood around.
Him, lord the forest knew,
On Cuyahoga's stream where glides his bark canoe?
We have not banished quite their names from stream and wood,
We cannot banish quite their ghosts that will intrude;
We cannot exorcise
Their still reproachful eyes.
Pity we must their fate—
The inexorable doom
That gave our fathers room;—
That they must fade,
Shadowlike, into shade,
So we might celebrate the city's founding here:
That they must disappear,
So we might celebrate
Their mighty wilderness our mighty State,
Among the brightest of her galaxy,
(With New Connecticut her chiefest pride,)
Mother of famous soldiers, statesmen tried,
(New mother of Presidents, her well-beloved,
In camp and council proved.)....
—One time an alien fleet was hovering near,
(Let us be strong, and well protect our own!)
When on yon shore the school-boy at his play
Stooped down with hand at ear
By the lake-side to hear
The guns at Put-in Bay.
War summoned then and since again her sons.
(City and State, with common sympathies,
Unite in claiming these.)
Her Past is bitter-sweet.
Heroic grief, heroic gladness meet,
With memories proud in monumental stone,
In civic square and street:
Of him that hero of an earlier day;
Of those her later, now her aureoled ones,
Her eager youth who went
To battle as to tennis tournament,
Not for themselves alone,
Not only for themselves and for their own—
For all men, us and ours!
Returning but in sacred memories,
That ever green are kept and sweet with flowers;
Of him the kindly neighbor, cordial friend,
(Now far uplifted from familiar ways,
Blameless and high above the stain of praise,)
Down-stricken at the Helm of Highest Trust.
(She keeps his honored dust.)
And many another worthy even as they,
Banded to sweep the nightmare dark and dire,
If with cyclonic broom—with earthquake, flood, and fire—
From our great land away*....
—Old griefs and glories blend.

### VI.

Into the Future—who shall look
Into that cloud-clasped Book?
What strong miraculous spark
Shall pierce that deep-walled dark?
Whoever forward looks shall see,
Mayhap, a vision, an enthusiast's dream,
Of this or of another century,—
The flower of each together here as one
Blossoming in the sun.
Whoever looks shall see, reflected there,
The features of her Past, oh, not less fair;
The features of her Present, even more bright:
A city that shall seem
To bear aloft and hold a steadfast light:
With ampler domes of Science, Learning, Art,
In academic groves apart:
Earth-blessing commerce at her every door,
With sails that come and go for evermore:
The earthly Titan's sweltering toil made light
By the invisible heaven-descended might.
Goodfellow or frolic sprite:
With myriad mechanisms faëry-nice,
Beneficent art and delicate artifice,—
All human goods and graces priceless wrought
In every house for nought
But a mere wish or thought:
The enchanted statue's grace
In every market-place,—
But Nature breathing ever, everywhere,
Her breath from flower and leaf, from park and pasture fair:
Streets that are highways to green fields and woods,
With charmed solitudes,
Whither the workman pent
Flies from his toil, content:
With hanging gardens of delight
For all men's sense and sight,
Where they may see the dancing fountain's flower,
Faërily silvered, wavering in the moon,
And hear the wild bird sing his vesper hymn in June,
Through the still twilight hour.
In that bright city then,
Himself one of a myriad multitude,
Shall the Good Citizen,
Who loves his fellow-men,
Who makes self-interest work for common good,
Dwell, and make beautiful his dwelling-place,
Striving to keep his city pure and clean,
With avenues to heaven its walls between.
He holds his vote a sacred gift and trust,
And every neighbor's sacred as his own,
Not bossed, or bought, or sold
For bribe of public place or private gold.
He knows his public duty, will not shirk
His burden of public work:
Public Affairs his pleasure, study, pride
Rightly to know and not ignore but guide,
Not leaving to ignorant, faithless hands to rule
City and court and school.
He gives his hand and heart
To make a sacred shrine the voting-place,
Not a foul huckster's mart.—
Where woman, if she please, may use her right
Inalienable as man's to speak, how still!
A still small voice to execute her will,
And go with son or sire, without disgrace,
In Sabbath garments pure and dedicate
To home and child and State,
Even as at church to share their sacrament,
Guarding her world-old sphere beneficent,
And share of government.
He builds for others, not for himself alone,
Not only for himself and for his own,
And gladdens with all good that comes to all,
Wherever it befall.
So the House Beautiful the poor man's home shall be,
In that far, better day,
(Is it so far away?)
The day we may not see,
Save only in prophecy,
When, standing like that City on a Hill,
She shall be seen afar and known of all,
Our City Beautiful—Forest City still,
The sea-side Capital
Of our proud Forest State!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

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* It appears that Dr. Benjamin Franklin, as early as 1754, had indicated the mouth of the Cuyahoga, on Lake Erie, as an eligible site for a future commercial and maritime city.

* Commodore Perry, the soldiers of the Union army from Cleveland, President Garfield, and the antislavery leaders and agitators of the Western Reserve are referred to in the foregoing passage.

## THE CITY OF CLEVELAND.

### ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PROGRESS.

On Wednesday, July 22, the city of Cleveland, Ohio, will have completed a full century since the first actual settlement was made within its borders.

One hundred years seems rather a small part in the life of cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Albany, which have had their centennials two or three times over, and yet are very young in comparison with cities abroad. But one hundred years in the life of a city in the middle West is a big item, for, in the case of Cleveland, it spans all the time that it has taken to transform a few square miles of the virgin forest into the tenth city of the United States. A few salient points of this transformation will be of interest in this connection.

Northern Ohio abounds with evidences of the ancient civilization that is credited to the mound-builders. After them came the Erie Indians, till they were exterminated by the Iroquois. Then came the French, through La Salle, who had trading-posts and forts all over that section for a full century before the fall of Quebec, in 1760, drove them out of North America. In the height of their power northern Ohio was their tramping-ground between the strongly fortified posts at Detroit and at Pittsburg. When the French left, there were rival claimants for the territory through conflicting grants that had been given to Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and Connecticut. But the Revolutionary war made it impossible for any of the claimants to assert their rights or to settle upon the disputed lands, and as late as 1786 British traders, on the site of Cleveland, bought blankets of the Indians for the United States troops at Pittsburg, and flour was delivered at the same point for the British troops in Detroit. It was, indeed, a time of doubtful allegiances, for the British still held the fort at Detroit, in the hope that the treaty of 1783 would prove merely a truce, to be followed by the speedy restoration of the colonies to the mother-country.

When Charles II., in 1662, granted a charter to Connecticut there was conveyed a strip of land extending as far westward as an unknown "South Sea, with the islands adjoining." This ignored and overlapped the claims of New York and Pennsylvania. These two having asserted their claims by actual settlement just after the Revolutionary war, there was nothing left for Connecticut but to claim the northern part of Ohio, and extending westward to the Mississippi River. Virginia compromised its claims by taking more southerly lands in Ohio; Pennsylvania and New York dropped out of the race; and Connecticut, in common with the rest, ceded its extreme western tracts, of doubtful ownership, to the government of the United States, reserving only about 3,000,000 acres in northern and northeastern Ohio as its own property. This excised territory has long been known as the "Western Reserve." It extends from the Pennsylvania line 120 miles westward, and it includes all of the land from the 41st parallel to Lake Erie. To-day it forms thirteen of the most prosperous counties in Ohio, with Cleveland as the commercial capital.

As soon as Connecticut had made this reservation it granted the western part of it to many sufferers from the British, notably those of the Norfolk fire, during the Revolutionary war. This tract is still known as the "Fire Lands." The remainder of the Reserve was sold in 1795 to the Connecticut Land Company for $1,200,000, and this money is now a part of the school fund of the State. The company, in 1796, sent out a party of surveyors under the direction of General Moses Cleaveland, of Windham County. The party went overland to Buffalo, where the Indian claims to the Reserve were extinguished by the payment of $1500, two beef cattle, and 100 gallons of whiskey. On July 4 the party located the boundary line between Pennsylvania and the Reserve at Conneaut Creek, and celebrated the day and the event with many pails of grog. Still proceeding along the lake in boats, the party reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, and located the city of Cleveland on July 22. This is the date that marked the beginning of the city's history.

The young settlement, known as Cleaveland, soon had a rival six miles in the interior, known as Newburgh, and it was for a long time a question which would prevail. On the western bank of the Cuyahoga also another city was started by the land-speculators. But finally the original settlement claimed them both. The village of Cleaveland was incorporated in 1814. In 1832, by general consent, the name was spelled Cleveland. The city was incorporated March 5, 1836. The record of the census gives the population of Cleveland as follows: 1796, 4; 1830, 1075; 1840, 6071; 1850, 17,054; 1860, 43,838; 1870, 92,825; 1880, 160,146; 1890, 261,353; 1896 (estimated), 350,000. The only city that has passed by Cleveland on the census tables is Chicago. But Cleveland has in the mean time passed by Albany, Providence, Buffalo, New Orleans, Pittsburg, Washington, Detroit, Louisville, and Richmond, and it is now close upon Cincinnati, if its population does not exceed that of Cincinnati. Forty years ago the cities of Cleveland, Dayton, Columbus, and Toledo, all in Ohio, were about even. To-day Cleveland outnumbers the total of its three rivals of four decades since.

The early steps that led up to this remarkable development were very slow. There was no harbor worthy the name till 1805. Communication with the Ohio River and Pittsburg was not made by canal till 1826. There was no steamboat on the lake till 1819, and no railroads till 1851. Pigs ran at large in the streets of Cleveland as late as 1820, and cows as late as 1855. In 1855 there was but the small part of one street covered with planking, and there was not a paved street in the city. So that the real growth of the place may be limited to the past fifty years.

And what a growth it has been! It is scarcely more than forty years since the first ore was brought from Lake Superior to meet the bituminous coal of Ohio at Cleveland. The result has more than justified the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, in 1765, that the commercial advantages of the spot were beyond estimate. The bringing of iron and coal together has made Cleveland a vast hive of industries. It is estimated that more than 100,000 separate articles are manufactured within the limits of the city. The number of manufacturing establishments had increased, from 1880 to 1890, from 1055 to 2065; capital invested, from $19,430,989 to $53,974,346; hands employed, from 21,724 to 53,349; total of yearly wages paid, from $8,502,935 to $30,423,635; value of the product, from $48,604,050 to $98,926,241. Among the leading industries is the building of steel ships for the ore and grain trade, and in this respect it is claimed that Cleveland has no rival in the world except the Clyde. The lake tonnage owned in the city is asserted to be greater than the tonnage of any other American city save New York.

Twelve railroads serve the city with transportation by land. Communication within the city is made easy and rapid by a system of electric railroads over 200 miles of tracks. Although the streets are broad and well shaded, and although the houses are detached, yet the total park area exceeds 100 acres. Elsewhere this might seem a small amount, but the streets and residences of Cleveland form an almost continuous park, and the good order of the city is conserved by the fact that almost every occupant is an owner. It is said that there are fewer houses to rent in Cleveland than in any of the other leading cities of the Union. The assessed valuation of real estate rose from $52,481,710 in 1880 to $72,734,940 in 1890, while the total debt remained the same—about $6,000,000 only. The tax rate is but $2 93 on each $100 of valuation.

(*Continued on page 740.*)

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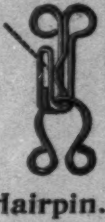

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*(Continued from page 739.)*

The religious and educational facilities of Cleveland are not surpassed in any city of its size. It is claimed that the first high-school in the United States was founded here. The educational system of the city bore away the highest honors from the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. More than 40,000 pupils are in regular attendance at the public schools.

The remarkable history of Cleveland, thus barely outlined, has been the result of grafting the thrift and integrity of New England upon the stock of Western enterprise. All of the early settlers came from Connecticut, and for two generations at least they were pioneers, so slowly did the new enterprise grow. The mind of the average Yankee is intensely analytic. He wants not only to know himself well, but also to know what he can do and how he can do it. Transplant him to the Western forest and he will be scheming to make the most out of it. This is precisely what has happened in the old Western Reserve. The settlers found a good soil and splendid facilities for commerce. They made the facilities for manufacture, and this tells the whole story more eloquently than columns of figures could tell it. They won because they had the grit to hold on in spite of many discouragements, and, quite as important, they also won because they had the brain to start great enterprises and to follow them to a successful conclusion.

The programme of events began with appropriate religious services and patriotic mass meetings on Sunday, the 19th. The assignment of the remaining days of the week is as follows: Monday, public opening of the encampment of United States Regulars and the Ohio National Guard; Wednesday, Founder's day, parade of many military and civic organizations, oration by Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, poem by Colonel John J. Piatt, of Ohio, and brief addresses by Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, Governor Coffin, of Connecticut, Hon. William McKinley, and others, and in the evening a historical pageant; Thursday, New England day, with appropriate exercises and an old-fashioned dinner; Friday, Wheelmen's day, including a parade of bicycles, and in the evening an athletic exhibition by the German Turners and other foreign societies; Saturday, bicycle-races. Tuesday, July 28, will be Woman's day; Wednesday, Early Settlers' day; and Thursday, July 30, Western Reserve day. The Centennial Regatta will open August 10; the Floral Festival, August 18; the Historical Conference, September 7; and there will be a celebration of Perry's naval victory on the anniversary, September 10. Governor Asa S. Bushnell is Honorary President of the Centennial Commission; Mayor Robert E. McKisson, President; and Wilson M. Day, Director-General.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GREAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

I HAVE been asked to write concerning the result and significance of the recent Christian Endeavor Convention at Washington. It is too early as yet, perhaps, to tell the results of the convention, but it is not too early to inquire into its profound significance.

The fact that forty thousand young people should come together in the hottest month of the year, in one of the hottest cities of the country, to attend a purely religious convention, is in itself significant. Nor are these figures approximate estimates or wild guess-work. Thirty-one thousand one hundred and twelve Endeavorers actually registered. Four thousand six hundred more, by actual count, were in the choirs, and the careful committees were convinced that nine thousand other visitors were in attendance upon the convention.

On many occasions throughout the convention the three enormous tents, Washington, Williston, and Endeavor, were crowded to their utmost limit, while thousands stood outside, within ear-shot of the speakers' voices; and at the same time perhaps half a dozen churches, the largest that could be obtained, were filled to overflowing.

But what brought these young people together in such vast numbers? The impelling *motive* is the significant feature of the convention. It was, as I have said, a purely religious convention. The early morning prayer-meetings were a characteristic feature. Nearly thirty churches were simultaneously filled morning after morning with the praying hosts.

The convention closed, as always, with a serious and delightful consecration service, participated in by forty thousand people in the various auditoriums. The highest motives were appealed to from the first day to the last. The religious aspirations of the assembled throngs were the harp of a thousand strings, upon which every speaker played. The speakers felt no necessity of descending to claptrap or sensationalism. Their character would have prevented this had the audience desired it, but there was no wish on the part of the audience for anything but the deepest and the strongest truths.

If it has ever been thought that young people must be coaxed and cajoled into piety, must have their religion sugar-coated and thoroughly disguised by sensationalism, this convention and other international conventions of the Christian Endeavor Society have forever dismissed the idea.

And yet it must not be thought that there is anything unduly solemn and lugubrious about this great assemblage of young Christians. No one who was in Washington during the convention could have obtained this idea. The streets of the city were bright with their fluttering badges. The street cars were vocal with their sunshine songs; and when they came together in their State receptions they evidently had not forgotten their pride in their own commonwealths, as the frequently reiterated question and answer, "What's the matter with Pennsylvania?" (for instance), "She's all right!" testified.

But the Keystone Endeavorers had a right to be proud of their commonwealth, for she sent the largest delegation of all—almost four thousand registered Endeavorers, and probably hundreds of others who did not register.

In fact, the whole impression of the convention, as the citizens of Washington testified, and as the papers have frequently remarked, was of a bright, winsome, happy company of young people of pure lives, clean consciences, and earnest purposes. To be invaded by such a host is a benediction to any city.

The motor-men even were impressed by the character of the assembly. "We never handled such a crowd so easily," said a conductor. "Nobody seeks to evade his fare, and there is no rough pushing for a seat. Give me a Christian Endeavor Convention every time."

Moreover, the definition given to religion by these youthful hosts of Christian Endeavorers is a broad and comprehensive one. They did not take it all out in psalm-singing and praying. There was much of this, but there was also much of earnest *service*. Every noon meetings were held in neglected parts of the city for those who could not go to the convention.

The range of topics discussed, too, shows that no narrow and partial definition is given to the word "religion" in the minds of these young people. Religion embraces missionary enterprise, they think. It has relation to the sufferers in Armenia. It does not forget the babies in the slums who have no summer outing. It remembers the life-savers upon the coast, the sailor in the navy, and the soldier in the barracks. It brings a message of cheer to the prisoner in his cell and to the sick in the hospital. For in all these places do the Christian Endeavorers minister, and in all of them are Christian Endeavor Societies found.

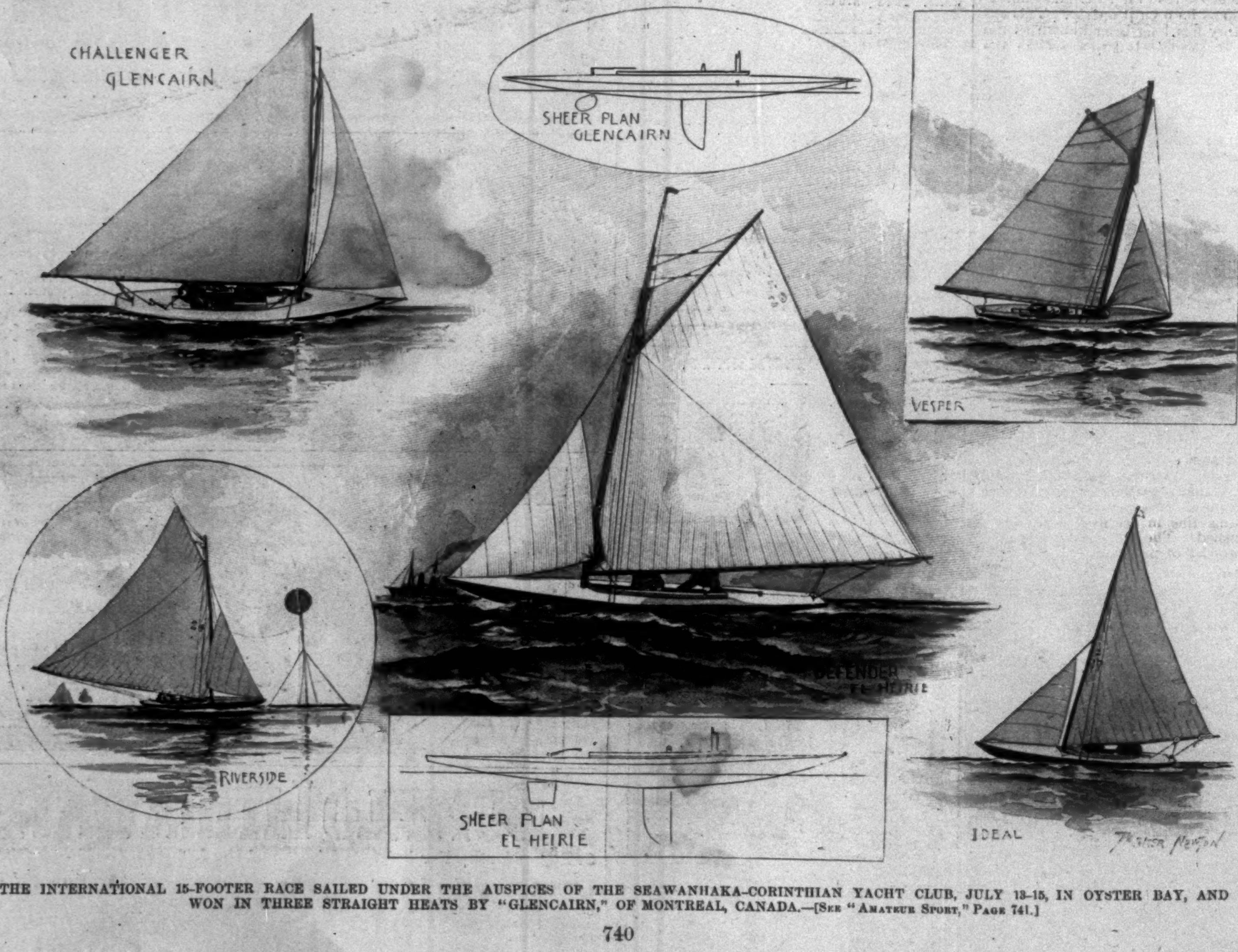
The convention had much reference to the life that is to come, but it also had much reference to the life that now is. The patriotic note was often struck. Over and over again the assembled thousands showed their intense love for the stars and stripes, and all that these banners, so lavishly displayed, signify, and every sentiment that declared for the highest patriotism, for noble citizenship, for the subserviency of partisanship to righteousness, was applauded to the echo.

The Christian Endeavor Society, as such, allies itself to no political party, but in all political parties its members may be counted on to vote for pure and honest men, and to stand firmly and together for those moral standards which exalt a nation.

Who that ever saw it will forget that memorable scene at the eastern front of the Capitol on Saturday afternoon, July 11? Forty thousand Christian Endeavorers were gathered together, the choicest young men and women from all parts of the country. Forty thousand more spectators gathered to witness the patriotic demonstration. These throngs have only been equalled on inauguration days, say the oldest inhabitants of Washington, and not always even then. But how different was this throng in many respects! No roughs or "Plug-Uglies," no blear-eyed denizens of the saloons, no blatant fire-eaters from North or South, very few old or even middle-aged people, but a vast throng of modest, earnest, devoted young men and women, who felt that the nation was theirs to purify and strengthen.

The exercises were very simple, only the presentation of a banner for the best work done along the lines of Christian citizenship—a banner that was secured this year by the city of Cleveland—and some most delightful singing by the enormous choir of four thousand voices massed upon the Capitol steps. But how much this signifies, when it is remembered that behind these forty thousand are two million and a half of youthful citizens with the same aspirations and high hopes for a regenerated country!

One other characteristic of this convention must not be omitted, and that is the sense of brotherhood and kinship between the various denominations that was here generated. Not only was every State and Territory in the United States represented, and every province in Canada as well, but Mexico and South America, Great Britain, France, and Germany, Australia and New Zealand, India, China, and Japan, Persia, Liberia, and South Africa, and many another land besides. No discordant note was struck. The stars and stripes and the union jack twined lovingly before the speakers' stand in each tent, while the flags of many nations, sent from their respective countries especially for this convention, testified to the cosmopolitan character of the brotherhood generated by Christian Endeavor.



THE INTERNATIONAL 15-FOOTER RACE SAILED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB, JULY 13-15, IN OYSTER BAY, AND WON IN THREE STRAIGHT HEATS BY "GLENCAIRN," OF MONTREAL, CANADA.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT," PAGE 741.]

# AMATEVR · SPORT

**The International challenge Cup**, offered by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club to determine the championship of the 15-foot racing class, goes this year to Canada. Last year marked the beginning of this class of tiny racers in America—incorrectly called half-raters by many—when our representative, *Ethelwynn*, successfully defended the cup from *Spruce IV.*, a crack English half-rater. The half-rater is dead in Great Britain (having been legislated out of existence by the abolition of the old 0.5 rating rule), and never really existed in this country. The conditions of the Seawanhaka's challenge Cup stipulate an extreme racing length of 15 feet, and the American boats have all been constructed in accordance therewith. It is hardly likely any lessons may be gained from these midget racers that will have a practical bearing on naval architecture, but, at all events, they furnish good sport, and, probably best of all, serve to increase our class of Corinthian sailor-men. By the instruction afforded in practical sail-boat handling, this and the erstwhile popular 21-footers and the present 30-footers have been most valuable. Corinthian skippers are none too many hereabouts.

Prior to last year the 15-foot racing class was without a single member, though of course 15-footers for cruising and general knocking about were plentiful. The establishment of a challenge trophy, followed quickly by the challenge of *Spruce IV.*, led to the building of *Ethelwynn*, *Olita*, *Question*, *Indienne*, and *Trilby*, and the creation of the American 15-foot racing class. Following closely upon the defeat of *Spruce IV.* came the challenge from the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal.

W. H. SANDS, St. Andrews Golf Club. H. G. TREVOR, Shinnecock Golf Club.

**On both sides the border** interest this year awakened early and continued active, more so in Canada than in the United States. It is not often that another gets the earlier start of an American, but that is precisely what the Canadians did this year. Their class of 15-footers was not so large (fifteen in number), but they had them afloat betimes, and raced them sufficiently to attain utmost familiarity with their individual weaknesses and strength. The success of *Glencairn* is the more notable when we consider that she was the choice of only fifteen candidates in the Canadian trial races, while *El Heirie* was the pick of twenty-seven. On the other hand, the average performance of the American class seems, as nearly as one may judge from these hypothetical deductions, to have been the better.

The class of American boats was certainly very interesting, and in many particulars unique, not to mention its instructiveness. Twenty-seven, the full class, crossed the starting-line in the first trial race, and eighteen of them finished. The full class, with owners and helmsmen, is worthy of publication.

| Boat. | Owner. | Sailed by |
|---|---|---|
| Ideal | H. O. Havemeyer, Jun. | Herman Duryea. |
| Riverside | Riverside Syndicate | C. Olmstead. |
| El Heirie | C. H. Crane | Owner. |
| Two Step | Herbert Jennings | Owner. |
| Hope | Arthur Iselin | Philip Howard. |
| Trilby | G. G. Tyson | F. B. Jones. |
| Paprika | C. S. Hoyt | L. B. Huntington, Jr. |
| Vesper | Paul Butler | Owner. |
| Gnome | F. M. Hoyt | Owner. |
| Kittie V. | Hazen Morse | Owner. |
| Die Hexe | S. C. Blaisdell | Mr. Wyckoff. |
| Yola | C. T. Wills | Mr. Mallory. |
| Columbia | F. T. Wood | Owner. |
| In It | F. M. Randall | T. F. Day. |
| Saghaya | H. C. Smith | Owner. |
| Cyclone | E. S. Ives | Owner. |
| Willada | W. G. Newman | Frank Corry. |
| Tornado | F. C. Morris | Owner. |
| Nit | W. N. Murray | Owner. |
| Nike | Fred Meeker | Owner. |
| Defender II | W. G. Brokaw | Al Camacho. |
| Terrapin | W. S. Peters | Owner. |
| Question | L. D. Huntington | Jack Clark. |
| Isabel | J. P. MacQuaide | G. W. MacQuaide. |
| Mandeen | R. B. MacManus | Owner. |
| Glance | F. L. Downing | Owner. |
| Manontasquok | R. H. Post | Owner. |

**The class represented** three distinct types, in moderations of the centreboard, the bulb fin, and the "scow"—as the craft with flatter keel and less attention to lines in that direction has been called. The trial races were sailed in very light weather, there not being a day when full sail was not carried by the tenderest member of the class. Of the twenty-seven, *El Heirie*, *Riverside*, *Ideal*, *Vesper*, and *Paprika* demonstrated undoubted superiority over the others, and of these the choice for defender rested actually between the first three, each the representative of a different type. Of the four trial races sailed, *Ideal* won the first, *Riverside* the second, *El Heirie* the third and fourth. *Riverside* won second place in the first and fourth races, *Vesper* in the second, and *Paprika* in the third. *El Heirie* was chosen defender without further racing, but subsequently corroborated the wisdom of the choice by beating *Paprika* (in an unofficial brush) in stiffish weather as handily as she had defeated the class in the light airs that prevailed during the trial races.

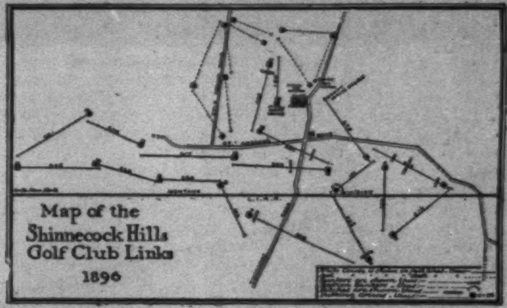
*El Heirie* was designed and is owned by C. H. Crane, and is of the scow type. She follows, as does *Paprika* also, somewhat after the lines of that freak we saw last year most appropriately called *Question*, only both the boats of this year are great improvements in every way over their crude prototype. The characteristics of this type are short measured water-line and the small beam, especially conducive to the boat's progress when heeled. She has a double skin, with mahogany outside, white-pine planking and deck, and a hard bilge.

**"Riverside" is a bulb fin**, designed by C. Olmstead, and an improvement on last year's *Trilby*—a fin keel from the same designer. The results of small-boat racing last year seem to put this type of craft "out of the running," and the popular verdict, after the manner of most popular verdicts, accepted these superficial conclusions as final. Not so Mr. Olmstead. He stuck to his type, and produced a boat that, next to *El Heirie*, made the best showing of the 27—if indeed one not fully as good, all-round, as the chosen defender, which had to its credit two firsts and two thirds, while *Riverside* had one first and three seconds as the result of its work in the trial races.

*Ideal*, of the three, stood for the centreboard type, of which, by-the-way, there were more representatives than of any other. To be precise, there were four bulb fins, six "scows," and nine centreboard types—the balance being of a nondescript class beyond my naval ken. *Ideal*, owned by H. O. Havemeyer, Jun., is a handsome little craft, one of the prettiest in the fleet. She was designed by W. P. Stephens, among the very cleverest of our small-boat designers, and who was also responsible for *Ethelwynn* last year. *Ideal* is simply an improved *Ethelwynn*, carrying the same Scarecrow rig. She had rather bad luck at the starting-line after the first day—once getting over before the gun, and once being whirled by the tide on the wrong side of the committee boat's bow. Mr. Herman Duryea, her helmsman, had, I am told, never sailed the boat prior to the trial-racing, and was therefore much handicapped; that he did so well under the circumstances is eloquent of his skill and the boat's initial ability. In the first race she got a good start, and simply ran away from the balance of the fleet, crossing the finish-line two minutes ahead of the next nearest competitor, and half an hour before the last one. In the fourth race she won third, but was distanced in the second and third races.

Apart from choosing the defender, the Seawanhaka committee awarded the T. C. Zerega helmsman prize for best work at the start to Mr. Olmstead, who steered *Riverside*. The Regatta Committee managed these trial races and subsequently the international event in a thoroughly sportsmanlike and workmanlike manner. Not a single American skipper, nor Mr. G. H. Duggan, of *Glencairn*, has cause for comment on the committee's work, except of a most complimentary nature. We congratulate the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club on its possession of such a committee and the success of the event itself.

**The international contest** between *El Heirie*, our chosen defender out of twenty-seven candidates, and the Canadian challenger, *Glencairn*, the pick of fifteen, promised to be instructive and (before the first race) very interesting. Both were of a type approaching what may be called the "scow"—*i. e.*, with (comparatively) flat floor—and each had earned an undisputed right to represent its nation and that particular type. Of the actual contest between the two there is little to be said, except that the Canadian boat completely outclassed the American. Interest flattened out before the first race was half sailed, because *Glencairn* showed at once a superiority that remained undisturbed to the end of the series. But there was no lessening of instruction. It was perfectly apparent that the Canadians had entirely complied with the requirements of our 15-foot racing-length class, and beaten us on every point. Within the ruling they had built a boat that on about the same length over all had less water-line length, greater beam, and carried more canvas.



| Dimensions. | Glencairn. | El Heirie. |
|---|---|---|
| Length over all | 23 ft. 6 in. | 23 ft. 3 in. |
| Water-line length | 12 " 6 " | 14 " 4 " |
| Beam at deck | 6 " 3 " | 5 " 6 " |
| Beam at water-line | 4 " 10 1-2 " | 5 " |
| Draught with board down | 5 " (about) | 5 " (about) |
| Sail area | 300 sq. ft. | 240 sq. ft. |

*Glencairn* has a steel daggerboard weighing about 100 pounds, was designed by George H. Duggan, who sailed her and owns her, together with James Ross and Mr. Shearwater, all of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club at Montreal. Her planking is of white cedar, frames and keel of elm, and her varnished deck of British Columbia yellow cedar. Her hull weighs 375 pounds. She is rigged after the manner of Mr Arthur Brand's *Spruce IV.*, the hoist at the throat of her mainsail being only about nine feet, while her gaff is extremely long in proportion. Her mast-head is 21 and her peak 24 feet above the deck. Under way she makes more of a stir in the water than *El Heirie*, but that seemed to cut no material figure in her performances. Her entrance is very clean, and although her water-line is short, nevertheless it is symmetrical.

*El Heirie's* most noticeable difference to the eye is in the rather long overhang forward, which extends into a shovel-shaped bow. Her daggerboard is of one-quarter inch Tobin bronze, and so set that when raised it gives a keel 5 inches deep and 4 feet long. The illustrations show the difference in rig more satisfactorily than it can be described.

**"Glencairn" won three straight races**, outracing *El Heirie* at every point of sailing—most remarkably of all, to windward, which is rather notable, since in that quality American craft have always been superior. In the first race the Canadian boat was much the better handled, and this, together with her great speed, gave her a victory of 47 min. and 11 sec. *El Heirie* was more skilfully sailed in the second contest, and lost by only 6 min. and

A. M. Coats, Newport G. C. J. G. Thorp, Cambridge G. C. James A. Tyng, Morris County G. C.

H. J. Whigham, Onwentsia G. C. H. G. Toler, Baltusrol G. C. H. R. Sweny, St. Andrews G. C.

SOME OF THE "FIRST SIXTEEN" IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP DECIDED ON THE SHINNECOCK HILLS LINKS, JULY 21-24.

22 sec. The third race furnished the only solace of the series to Americans, for not only was *El Heirie* as well handled as *Glencairn*, which is saying a great deal, but for the first occasion she at one time had a slight lead, that was shortly lost, however, by the unquestioned superiority of her rival, which finally won with 5 min. and 50 sec. to the good.

Mr. Duggan has won a royal victory, and deserves all he attained; his boat stamps him an able designer, while his handling of her proved him as clever a sailor-man as we have seen in these waters.

Immediately on conclusion of the race Commodore Henry C. Rouse, for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club, sent a formal challenge to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for a match to be sailed in '97 for his club's International Challenge Cup for small yachts, with a yacht, "to be named later, within the 25-foot racing-length class, S.C.Y.C. measurement rule."

So with the loss of this year's race seems to come also the end of our 15-foot racing class.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL YACHTING EVENT will be that sailed on Lake Erie, August 24–26, for the championship of the lakes, between representatives of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto and the Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago. There is every year a great deal of yachting on the lakes, with some speedy boats, but this is the first time it has taken on an international character, and the result is a great deal of enthusiasm all along the lakes, from Buffalo to Chicago. The Toledo course on Lake Erie has been accepted, and substantially the racing rules and time allowance of the New York Yacht Club adopted. The American yacht is a 45-foot fin keel, named *Vencedor*, designed by Pockel, and constructed under his supervision by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company. Pockel is a graduate of the Danish Naval Academy at Copenhagen, and was for nine years with Herreshoff. The yacht is owned by a syndicate of the Chicago Club members. The Canadian yacht *Canada* is from the design of Willie Fife, Jun., the Scotchman. We shall shortly publish photographs of these yachts, and have more to say on their approaching meeting.

THE FORM SHOWN BY THE PLAYERS in the amateur golf championship last week, at Shinnecock, in driving from the tee gives a basis for some interesting comparisons. Out of sixty-six men particularly observed, forty stood nearly square or open to the ball. Perhaps half a dozen emphasized the position of the right foot by placing it well in front of the line, and one or two—Rutherford, for example—exaggerated it. With others again, while their normal stance was square to the ball, the position was occasionally varied either in one direction or the other; but the difference was very slight, and evidently made unconsciously. Twenty-six used the "Laidlay," or, as it is generally known, the "Badminton" stance, in which the right foot is drawn back. This corresponds very nearly with the comparison made at the recent English amateur tournament between the two positions, and shows clearly that the tendency is to revert to the old Scottish style of address.

As a matter of fact, when a novice first attempts to hit a ball he naturally draws back his right foot, so as to open up his shoulders for the swing. If he goes on acquiring his art without prejudice, his stance gradually becomes square or open for the simple reason that he has discovered the after-part of the swing is more important than a long reach back, and to get this follow through he must keep the left shoulder out of the way. The "Badminton" is the artificial stance, and it does not appear to be so well adapted to the average man as the old-style position. Theoretically the perfect stance is square to the ball, but as the player must put his weight on one foot or the other, there must be a corresponding variation in actual position.

OF THE SWINGS THE GREAT MAJORITY must be classified as belonging to the half or cricket type. This again is inevitable with players who take up the game in middle life, it being almost impossible to acquire a full sweep after the muscles have once set and hardened. In a few cases the swing was shortened up so that the club hardly rose above the shoulder, the force being derived from the forearm and wrist. But with most of the players the club went to the horizontal behind the shoulder, and was then brought down against the ball with a sharp click from the tautened wrists. The style ensures good command over the club, and with a long follow through the ball may be driven almost as far as from the full swing. Fenn's swing is a typical one in this class, and it makes up in effectiveness what it lacks in grace.

COMING NOW TO THE ANALYSIS of individual styles, it was evident to even the most careless eye that the form shown by Whigham and MacDonald was the real golf as it has been perfected through uncounted generations of Old World play. There could be no doubting the true, full swing, graceful, easy, and finished. There was no dropping of the club down the player's back through the relaxing and bending down of the wrists. Every muscle was kept taut and under full control, and the club never allowed for an instant to get away by itself. Between the two men, Whigham's style was quite as easy and apparently surer in execution. It was noticeable that Whigham used a low tee and stood with his feet well apart. His waggle was very brief, and he made all of his driving strokes without hesitation. He used a full swing when driving with a cleek, and hit hard. In his match with Coats his tee shots averaged some fifteen yards of advantage. In approaching the hole he used a wooden putter wherever it was practicable, and always preferred to skip up his ball with a cleek rather than attempt to pitch it with an iron. This style of play gained him many a hole, for a number of the Shinnecock putting greens are of the whaleback persuasion, and an overpitched ball on to the downward slope is apt to run like a hare. His putting was accurate and generally up with the hole, and he did not bother himself with over-refinements on the question of the line.

COATS, WHO WAS BEATEN BY WHIGHAM rather easily in the semi-final, is a St. Andrews (Scotland) player, but his style, though good and free, is hardly so graceful as that shown by either Whigham or MacDonald. In his swing the club did not go much below the horizontal, and his driving was neither so far nor so sure as that of his Prestwick rival. But his iron work was of the first class, and his putting generally limited to the orthodox two stroke.

Toler played with confidence and freedom, and hit his ball hard. He has tremendous power in his wrists, and his half strokes were very effective. His best point is his pluck under any and all circumstances, but then a man who has been a half-back on one of the big college elevens must of necessity have a generous allowance of "sand" in his make-up. He won his first two match rounds on his nerve, and with a little more practice and experience he should hold his own in almost any company.

THORP MANAGED TO ACHIEVE some astonishing results with a very indifferent method. His swing is short and he varies his stance with almost every stroke. But he rarely makes a foozle, and some of his shots out of hazards and bad lies were wonderfully well played. His good work is the result of a single-minded determination to get the ball away, and that is the chief end in all golf. Steadiness and consistency are his strong points, and they are the most valuable of requisites in tournament play.

OUTSIDE OF THE MEDAL DIVISION there are three or four men whose play calls for a word of mention. Tyng's defeat by Coats in the second match round was generally regretted, but it was clearly evident that the St. Andrews man put up a better article of golf. With Tyng's peculiar swing it is a wonder he ever hits the ball at all. It has a curious break or catch at the top that looks as though a jerk must inevitably follow, and yet the club comes smoothly through. With an ordinary player such a method would be fatal to accuracy, but Tyng's eye is generally good enough to assure a successful connection with the "gutty," and his scores are an answer for the rest.

Sweny of Albany was defeated rather easily by Whigham in the second round, but he nevertheless played good golf, doing the round in 81 against Whigham's record-breaking score of 74. Sweny is the type of player who is apt to be led away by fads and fancies. Perhaps he drives quite as well with his remarkable "horse-hoof" club as he would do with an ordinary one, but certainly no better, and as the shape of the club necessitates the use of an abnormally high tee, it stands to reason that it must tend to an occasional foozle in playing through the green. It occurs to me to ask why the implements of golf should not be uniform by rule. Why, for instance, should Sweny be permitted to use an abnormal driver any more than one man should be permitted a bat of twice the diameter of another's in baseball?

In putting he uses a short one-handed club, his idea being that the strike is analogous to a shot at croquet. Of course, in theory, a putted ball is kept on the ground and directed for a definite spot, as in croquet, but in practice it becomes evident that the graduation of the force is quite as important as its direction. One may play a ball into a pool pocket with almost any amount of force, direction being all that is absolutely necessary. In croquet, while it may be the better play to strike the ball aimed at so as to move it in just the right position for the following shot, it is still direction that is the first requisite for the making of the point, and the same is true of nursing and rail-play at billiards. But in holing-out at golf the shot is missed quite as finally if it runs over the hole as though it were a mile wide of it. We may please ourselves on the question of wood *versus* iron in putters or on our particular mode of address, but the wisdom of the ancients has decided that to be sure, both of direction and of length, the two-handed grip must be employed.

W. H. SANDS PUT UP a remarkably strong game throughout the tournament, and in his match with Fenn he showed as pretty golf as seen in the whole competition. Sands fails through over-carefulness and too much attention to detail. It is quite as much of a mistake to hang too long over a shot as it is to play it carelessly. In his style Sands has patterned himself on professional lines, and his swing and general play are quite the nearest to what is known as good form of any of our American golfers, and a great improvement on his own of last year. In his putting he affects all the professional mannerisms, studying the line from both sides of the hole, passing the back of the hand lightly over the grass for a possible worn cast, weighty calculations of spin and "borrow," and all for a dribble. It cannot be denied that the end generally justified the means; but, on the other hand, there were other men who played boldly for the back of the hole and did quite as well. In all of his matches Sands was coached by Tucker, who advised him on every play, and even pointed out the exact spot for which to aim. It is a good thing to win a match, but one would think it preferable to accomplish the feat through the exercise of one's own intelligence rather than as a machine which simply executes the will of another person. But then, again, the difference may lie in one's temperament. And how about this coaching during play? It is not permitted in other amateur games—why in golf?

CUTTING AND BAYARD SHOWED UP THE BEST of the new men, and both should be heard from in the future. The young Westbrook player made an excellent record in the medal round, lost his match round to Sweny by the narrowest of margins, and won (after tieing at 85 with Park) the consolation match for the Officer's Cup. He is an improving player, and has plenty of time before him. Bayard gave Whigham a close rub in the first match round, and, indeed, played a wonderful game for a yearling.

WHIGHAM'S VICTORY WAS FORESHADOWED by his fine showing in the medal round, but the extraordinary "get-there" game put up by Thorp in the opening-match rounds had upset all previous calculations, and it was hoped that the chapter of accidents was not yet finished. But it was plain enough, once the match was started, that the Cambridge Club man was not in the same class with Whigham. The latter outdrove Thorp by some ten or fifteen yards at every tee, and Whigham also showed marked superiority in his approaches. Thorp kept his nerve and hung on to his man up to the eleventh hole of the second round, but the issue was never in doubt after the turn in the morning's play. The most brilliant play of the match was Thorp's holing of a stimie at the "Plateau" hole in the second round, and the "gallery" was properly appreciative. But at the sixth hole Whigham struck his gait for good and all, and reeled off six straight, giving him match and championship. As a matter of fact, it was only through a mistake that he was not credited with one hole more. He played out of turn in his second shot at the fourteenth hole in the morning round, and picked up his ball under a misapprehension of the American rule on this point of misplay. The shot was liable to be called at Thorp's discretion, but the latter waived his right. Whigham was some distance ahead, and had lifted his ball without waiting for the referee's decision.

THERE IS SOME CONSOLATION to American-bred golfers in the fact that Thorp put out MacDonald so neatly in the first-match round, for certainly no one would have thought it possible two weeks ago that the ex-champion could possibly be beaten by a native player of hardly two years' standing. It was good, straight golf, too, as the score by strokes shows, and it was the better game that won. Perhaps by next year a player may be evolved who can hold his own with Whigham. Tyng, Fenn, Sands, and Leeds seem to have reached their limit, but Toler and Bayard are improving players, and young Cutting should put close to a half on to his game before the next annual contest. As it is, he has the Officer's Cup to show for his good work this year.

EIGHTY MEN CAME TO THE TEE for the opening round of the amateur golf championship meeting, by far the largest field that has ever assembled on this side of the water. The tournament committee was evidently afraid that the last pair would not get started in time to clear the course for the second round, which was scheduled for half past two, and the first men were accordingly sent off nearly an hour ahead of time. As it turned out, everything worked smoothly; but if the entry list next year shows another 50 per cent. increase, there will have to be some other process devised to weed out the long-odds men. The standard of play was certainly higher than at Newport last autumn, but there were, nevertheless, some half a score of men at Shinnecock whose rightful rating was Class B, and whose chances were accordingly of the slimmest. Golf has only just begun to make its way in this country, but the national tournament is no longer a nursery for the instruction of the infant golfer, nor yet a stage for the parading of eccentric patterns in Scotch stockings. The amateur golf championship has come to mean something, and the clubs in the National Association owe it to themselves to see that in the future their representation should be confined to the elect few.

THE COMBINATION OF MEDAL AND MATCH PLAY has worked well in practice, and Whigham should be credited with a double first through his winning of the gold medal in the preliminary round by strokes. The sixteen men who were left in for the match rounds all fairly earned their places, Leed's reversal of form being the particular surprise. The pairs were fairly well matched in the subsequent drawings—the Cutting-Sweny, Thorp-MacDonald, Whigham-Bayard, and Sands-Fenn matches proving the most interesting to the spectators. The minor events helped to keep up the spirits of the defeated contingent, and the fine weather made the week almost a perfect one from the golfing stand-point. The long driving contest was a farce. Every man stood for a "pull," and it was only a question as to who should have the luck.

APROPOS OF THE QUESTION raised in this Department as to the amateur status of men connected as salesmen or otherwise with manufacturers or dealers in golfing implements, the following excerpt from the June 26th issue of the English journal *Golf* bears rather instructively:

> "The question of the amateur status in golf is, as we foresaw, beginning to receive attention. The Bulwell Forest Artisans' Golf Club had a young club-maker and professional in their ranks, and the question was raised whether or not the presence of this club-maker in competitions of the club might not affect the status of the members generally as well as the position of the club itself in open amateur competitions. A general meeting of the club has decided by vote that the young club-maker should not play in any more competitions. Another case has lately arisen in Scotland. Mr. W. G. Grieve, formerly a member of the Royal Epping Forest and East Finchley clubs, is a member of the firm of Messrs. Tweedie, Grieve, & Co., agents in Edinburgh for a number of golf-club-makers, and whose business is that of the selling and making of golf clubs and balls. Mr. Grieve submitted his name as an entrant for the Braids Amateur Tournament, decided in Edinburgh last week; but the committee arranging the tournament declared that he was a professional, and refused to accept his name."

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP CUP was won by Mrs. William Shippen at Morristown by a net score of 136 over the long or eighteen-hole course. This is really an excellent record, and also goes to show that the Morris County "green" is especially adapted for the scene of the contest for the Cox cup in October. Mrs. Shippen drives well, and uses judgment in the negotiation of the hazards, but her putting is weak and erratic. In practice she has made much lower scores. The figures made by the other contestants were not remarkable, and there were only seven entries in all. Is it possible that the feminine fancy has already turned from golf, and that too with a thousand-dollar cup to be played for at the championship meeting? However, there are a large number of events in which, according to the schedule of summer fixtures, women will take part, and it may be that they are only waiting for the men to get through with the Shinnecock meeting to begin practising in earnest. Across the water the game continues to grow in favor with women, and the fourth annual Championship was a great success, both in public interest and in the high character of the play. According to the published reports, many of the players made the round in double figures, and fours and fives were not uncommon counts for single holes. It is true that the tees had been moved forward, thereby reducing the length of the holes, but the hidden bunkers and narrow course of the Hoylake links were as potent as ever against anything short of first-class golf.

THE INTER-CLUB MATCHES have been carried on with great diligence and much enthusiasm, and helped to popularize match play by holes, which, as everybody knows, is the original and true form of the game. Philadelphia, St. Andrews, Richmond County, Lakewood, Tuxedo, Shinnecock, Essex County, Paterson, Chicago, and Baltusrol have all had teams in the field, and a general tournament of club fours would make a very attractive fixture at Newport in September. St. Andrews and Chicago would probably be the favorites in such an event, with Lakewood, Richmond County, and Philadelphia close up. It is a question, though, if players who belong to two or three clubs should be allowed to represent more than one organization in these inter-club matches. As in English cricket, a man should be obliged to declare at the opening of each season for which club he intends to play, and this declaration should be held as final. The "rounder" is just as objectionable in golf as in college football.

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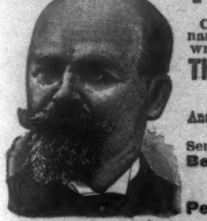

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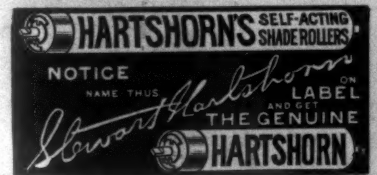

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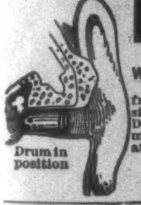
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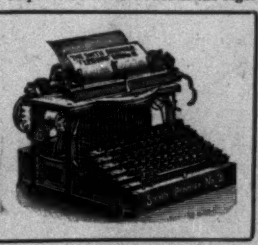

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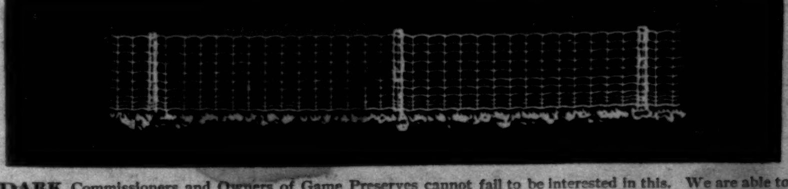

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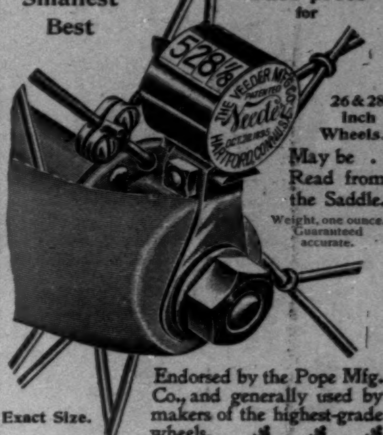

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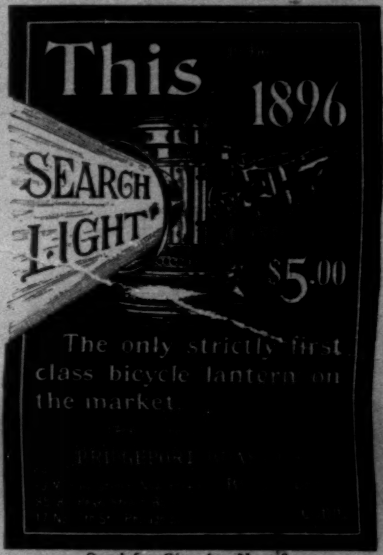
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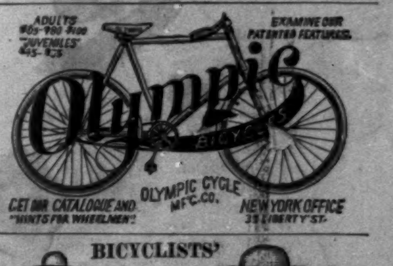
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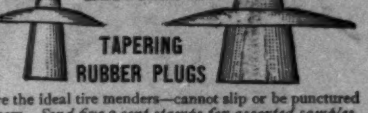

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